

FEBRUARY 7, 1903.

The
Academy
and
Literature



WEEKLY: THREEPENCE

TO BOOKBUYERS and LIBRARIANS of FREE LIBRARIES.—The FEBRUARY CATALOGUE of Valuable SECOND-HAND WORKS and NEW REMAINDERS, offered at prices greatly reduced, is Now Ready, and will be sent post free upon application to W. H. SMITH & SON, Library Department, 186, Strand, London, W.C.

REMAINDERS.

Bookbuyers should write for W. GLAISHER'S Catalogue of Reminders, which contains Books in all departments of Literature. A large and constantly varying stock always on hand. Many books greatly reduced in price.

WILLIAM GLAISHER,
Wholesale Bookseller,
265, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE,
Importers of Foreign Books,
14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden; and 7,
Broad Street, Oxford.
CATALOGUES post free on application.

BOOKS BOUGHT (Old and New), any quantity, for cash. 25/- offered for Freeman's Historical Geography (2 vols.), Lorna Doone (3 vols.), 1869. Scarce books supplied. State wants. Catalogues free.—Holland House Bookstores, Birmingham.

BOOKS WANTED.—"In Memoriam," 1851; Gamonia, 1837; Laing's Ballads, 1872; Queen Mab, 1813; Catalogues free. Please state wants. 100,000 for sale and wanted.—HOLLAND BOOK Co., 35, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

BOOKSELLERS IN BIRMINGHAM.—"EDWARD BAKER, John Bright Street, is the best second-hand bookseller in that town."—Editor, *Bazaar*.

BOOKS WANTED, 25s. each offered.—Freeman's Historical Geography, 2 vols.; Burke's Armoury and Extinct Peerage, 1883; Boxiana, 5 vols.; Curzon's Persia, 2 vols., 1892; George Meredith's Poems, 1851; Shelley's Poetical Works, 4 vols., 1839; Symond's Italian Literature, 2 vols., 1881; Symond's Essays, 2 vols., 1890; Shirley's Deer Parks, 1867; Desperate Remedies, 3 vols., 1871; Jesse's Richard III., 1862; Warwickshire Hunt, 1837; Singer's Shakespeare, 10 vols., 1826; Lorna Doone, 3 vols., 1869; Jane Eyre, 3 vols., 1847. 100,000 Books for SALE and WANTED. State wants.—BAKER's Great Bookshop, Birmingham.

JOHN BAILLIE and A. E. BONNER,
THE GALLERY,
1, Prince's Terrace, Hereford Road, W.

EXHIBITION of Modern Work, Jewellery, Enamels, Embroideries, &c., &c. Hours, 10.30 to 6. Admission free.

LOCAL HISTORY, GENEALOGY, &c.—Record Office, British Museum, &c.—OXONIENSIS, 14, LEXHAM GARDENS, W.

CATHOLIC PARENTS (English or Foreign) or **GUARDIANS** are offered a Refined English Home, with Education under qualified Governess teaching advertiser's daughter, for Girl, or Boy and Girl. Every comfort and motherly care. Select, healthy suburb.—"ELLESLIE," 55, Buckleigh Road, Streatham Common, London, S.W.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,

Southampton Bldgs., Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

2%	CURRENT ACCOUNTS on the minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100.	2%
2½%	DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS on Deposits, repayable on demand.	2½%
STOCKS AND SHARES. Stocks and Shares Purchased and Sold for Customers.		

The BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free.

C. A. RAVENSCROFT, Managing Director.
Telephone, No. 5 Holborn.
Telegraphic Address, "BIRKBECK, LONDON."

ST. PAUL'S GIRLS' SCHOOL,
BROOK GREEN, HAMMERSMITH.
APPOINTMENT OF HEAD MISTRESS.

THE GOVERNORS of the above School will shortly appoint a Head Mistress. The School is being built to accommodate 400 girls and will be opened in the course of the present year. Ladies desirous of becoming Candidates are invited to send in their applications to the Clerk to the Governors, Mercers' Hall, London, E.C., on or before the 28th day of February next. Particulars of duties and salary attached to the office may be obtained on application.

TYPEWRITING.—Reviews, Essays, Novels, Plays, Poetry and Scholastic Work, Correspondence, &c., Typed; or from Dictation (Shorthand if desired). Foreign, Scientific, and difficult MSS. a speciality. Seven years' experience. Duplicating. Specimens, Terms and Authors' References sent.—GRAHAM, 34, Strand, W.C. (near Charing Cross Station).

TYPEWRITING.—Authors' MSS., Legal, Dramatic, and Scientific, carefully copied, from 10d. per 1,000 words. Excellent references and testimonials.—TYPIST, 23B, Royal Parade, Croydon.

"THE ACADEMY" LITERARY COMPETITIONS.

New Series.—No. 177.

All readers attempting this week's Competition (described fully on page 139) must cut out this Coupon and enclose it with their reply.

"THE ELF" A LITTLE BOOK IN FOUR QUARTERLY PARTS BY JAMES J. GUTHRIE. It is called a "Sequence of the Seasons" and consists of thoughts suggested by the Seasons and expressed in prose, verse, pictures & designs entirely from one hand. Printed by hand upon the best English hand made paper, and the parts bound in designed grey boards with Holland back edges. 300 copies of each part will be printed, of which 250 numbered ones will be for sale. The price for the set of four is One Guinea. No single parts will be sold. The Spring and Summer parts are now ready. "THE OLD BOURNE PRESS," 15, HOLBORN, LONDON, E. C.

CONNOISSEURS OF **COFFEE**

DRINK THE
RED WHITE & BLUE
DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST
& AFTER DINNER.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than ordinary **COFFEE**.



DIAMONDS

PEARLS, EMERALDS,

GOLD JEWELLERY & ANTIQUE SILVER, &c.,

Valued or Purchased from £1 to £10,000.

SPINK & SON, DIAMOND MERCHANTS,

1 & 2, Gracechurch Street, Cornhill, E.C., and

17 & 18, Piccadilly, London, W. ESTABLISHED 1772.

ADVERTISEMENTS (Select Trade) for the COVER PAGES of the ACADEMY should be sent not later than Noon on Thursday to 43, Chancery Lane. Terms, &c., on application.

The Proprietor of "The Academy" purchased "Literature" from the Proprietors of "The Times" in 1902, and amalgamated the two papers under the title of

The Academy and Literature

Published every Friday for
33 years.

Published by The Times
at 6d.

3d. A Weekly Review of Literature and Life. 3d.

HAS gathered traditions which have won it the support of Book Readers and Book-Buyers throughout Great Britain and Abroad.

IT has steadily increased its circulation and influence for many years, and, if tested, its readers would now be found to be more numerous than those of any other exclusively literary newspaper.

IT has become indispensable to all who wish to keep in touch with modern developments of Literature.

SPECIAL SUPPLEMENTS, constituting Double Numbers, are issued without extra charge.

IN MARCH AND OCTOBER.

SPRING AND AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS of forthcoming Books, classified and priced, and being most useful as reference catalogues.

IN JANUARY AND SEPTEMBER.

Educational. Written by experts.

IN JUNE.

TOURIST. Dealing with the Literature of Topography and Travel.

IN NOVEMBER.

FICTION. With Special Articles on the Novels of the Year, &c.

EARLY IN DECEMBER.

CHRISTMAS (Illustrated). Comprising classified Reviews of Christmas Gift, Story and Nursery Books, and Articles on Books and Bookmen, and it is a number of special interest to Booksellers, Book Buyers, and others.

IT IS NOW POSTED FREE to every ANNUAL SUBSCRIBER in the United Kingdom prepaying 13/-

FOREIGN SUBSCRIBERS by a
PREPAYMENT of 17/6

will secure it being sent Post Free and regularly to any address throughout the World for a uniform 1d. postage, though the postage payable varies from 1d. minimum to 24d. per copy.

Orders may be sent through any Bookseller or Newsvendor,

OR DIRECT TO THE PUBLISHER OF

THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE,

43, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Ordinary Rates are:—

Page.	1/2-Page.	1/4-Page.	Narrow Col.
£8 8 0	£4 4 0	£2 10 0	£3 0 0

The Serial Rates are:—

(For not less space than 13 narrow columns.)

Page.	1/2-Page.	1/4-Page.	Narrow Col.
£7 10 0	£3 15 0	£1 17 6	£2 10 0

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS.

7/6 per inch, 6d. per line, 2/6 minimum.

FOR TRADE ADVERTISEMENTS ON COVER PAGES

7/6 per inch. Serial Rates will be quoted on application.

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE,

Government, Legal, and General Publishers.

SPECIAL REPORTS

ON

EDUCATIONAL SUBJECTS

(Issued under the Authority of the Board of Education, and
Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of
His Majesty):—

Vol. I.—Under Revision. Vol. II.—Physical Education. Heuristic Method of Teaching. University Education in France, 6s. 2d. Vol. III.—Education in Switzerland, Prussia, Baden, and Sweden, 3s. 3d. Vol. IV.—(Canada, Newfoundland, West Indies), 4s. 8d. Vol. V.—(Cape Colony, Natal, Commonwealth of Australia, New Zealand, Ceylon, Malta), 4s. Vol. VI.—Preparatory Schools for Boys; their place in English Secondary Education. Price by Post, 2s. 7½d. Vol. VII.—Rural Education in France, 1s. 4d. Vol. VIII.—Education in Scandinavia, Switzerland, Holland, Hungary, &c., 3s. 2d. Supplement to Vol. VIII.—Education in the Netherlands, 5d. Vol. IX.—Education in Germany, 2s. 7d. Vol. X.—Education in the United States, Part I., 2s. 3d. Vol. XI., Do., Part II., 2s. 6d. Issued under the direction of
MICHAEL E. SADLER.

A detailed List on Application.

LETTER FROM THE RT. HON. A. J. BALFOUR, M.P., ON THE CRITICISMS OF AN OPPOSITION OF THE EDUCATION BILL, 1902. 2d., by Post, 3d.

EDUCATION ACT, 1902. 3d., by Post, 4d.

SCIENCE EXAMINATION PAPERS, 1902:

Including the Papers Set at the Evening Examinations in April and May, and at the Day Examinations in June and July. 6d.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN PLANNING AND FITTING UP PUBLIC ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS, 2d.

CALENDAR OF THE STUART PAPERS BELONGING TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING, preserved at Windsor Castle. Vol. I. 2s. 11d.

HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS COMMISSION. Report on Manuscripts in Various Collections. Vol. I. Berwick-upon-Tweed, Barford and Lostwithiel Corporations; the Counties of Wilts and Worcester; the Bishop of Chichester; and the Deans and Chapters of Chichester, Canterbury, and Salisbury. 2s.

HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND, E.G. Preserved at Welbeck Abbey. Vol. VI. 1s. 9d.; Vol. VII. 2s. 3d.

All Public Bills under Discussion in either House of Parliament are on Sale to the Public.

All Acts of Parliament, Parliamentary Papers, and Government Publications are on Sale.

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS.

To meet the convenience of customers, and to prevent any delay in supply, we accept deposits of large or small sums—varying according to the probable extent of orders—we undertaking to despatch on day of issue copies of all Bills or Papers or Blue Books on any particular subject which the customer may define.

The system has been much appreciated by a large number of gentlemen interested in the passage of Bills through both Houses.

London: East Harding Street, E.C.

NUMBER 1

Ready Feb. 11.

Price 1d.]

OF

GEO. R. SIMS'

NEW WEEKLY,

MEN AND WOMEN

A POPULAR JOURNAL FOR EVERYONE.

Men and Women is a comprehensive title. It is intended to convey the comprehensive character of the new journal.

Men and Women makes its appearance as a candidate for public favour in the firm belief that it will take a position of its own, and cover ground not at present occupied.

Men and Women who write, and the genial gossip of the Book World, will be made a special feature, and will be contributed by a distinguished novelist and *littérateur*.

Fiction will not be neglected; short complete stories of sterling merit will from time to time find a place in the pages of **Men and Women**.

A special series of articles will deal in a novel and realistic manner with "Types of Men and Women."

The Men and Women of the World of Pleasure and the World of Pain, of the World of Work and the World of Play, of the World of Politics and the World of Art, the Man in the Street and the Woman at Home, will pass before us, leaving a record of such acts and deeds as they may accomplish for the edification or amusement of their fellow-creatures.

The Editor has also prepared, from certain papers which have come into his possession, a series of domestic revelations entitled "Young Mrs. Caudle." The original Mrs. Caudle was a lady of middle age; her successor is quite a young lady, but has views of her own on a variety of subjects, and is by no means willing to let her husband have the last word on anything. Married Women—to say nothing of Married Men—will, it is anticipated, be not only amused but instructed by the little domestic differences at which they will be permitted to assist.

In **Men and Women** the reader will find bright and interesting paragraphs and articles concerning not only the World of Rank and Fashion, but the Men and Women of the Classes and of the Masses who are making the Story of our Times from day to day.

Orders now received by all Newsagents and at the Railway Bookstalls.

Publishing and Advertisement Offices,
LA BELLE SAUVAGE, LONDON.

The Clergy List

FOR 1903.

Price 12s. 6d. Now Ready.

Thoroughly Revised and Corrected to the latest Date.

Contains the Gross and Net Value of every Benefice: it also gives a complete Record of Past and Present Appointments, the College, University, and, where necessary, the PRIVATE ADDRESS OF EVERY CLERGYMAN in England, Ireland, and Scotland in One List. Under the List of Benefices will be found full information as to the Value of every Living, Clergy engaged therein, Patron, Population, nearest Post Town and Railway Station. Over 600 pages have been added during the last few years, and the book now contains upwards of 1,700 pp.

Established over 60 years.

LONDON:

Kelly's Directories, Ltd., 182-184, High Holborn.

THE GARDENER'S ASSISTANT.

IN

Six Splendid Volumes.

Editor, WILLIAM WATSON, Curator, Royal Gardens, Kew. Hundreds of beautiful Illustrations. Beautiful Coloured Plates. The Standard Work on the subject. Deals with everything. All the new methods of growing fruit and preserving it. Flowers. Vegetables. Landscape. Market. Prospectus Post Free. The Six Volumes delivered at once on payment of 5/- The remainder paid monthly.

THE GRESHAM PUBLISHING

COMPANY, 34, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY (LIMITED).

SUBSCRIPTIONS for 3 months, 6 months, and 12 months

CAN BE ENTERED AT ANY DATE.

THE BEST and MOST POPULAR BOOKS of the SEASON ARE NOW in CIRCULATION.

Prospectuses of terms free on application.

BOOK SALE DEPARTMENT.

Many Thousand Surplus Copies of Books always ON SALE (Second Hand). Also a large Selection of

BOOKS IN LEATHER BINDINGS

SUITABLE FOR

BIRTHDAY AND WEDDING PRESENTS.

30 to 34, NEW OXFORD STREET:

241, Brompton Road, S.W. : 43, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., LONDON;

And at 10-12, Barton Arcade, MANCHESTER.

A LIMITED NUMBER

OF THE PORTRAIT SUPPLEMENTS TO "THE ACADEMY"

(Now Nearly Out of Print)

May still be obtained, singly, at 2d. each, or in complete sets for 3s. 6d., on application to the Office, 43, CHANCERY LANE, W.C.

For List of Names, see issue of 17th Jan.

MR. FISHER UNWIN'S NEW LIST.

THE LIFE OF ROBERT BUCHANAN.

By HARRIETT JAY (the Novelist's Sister-in-Law). Illustrated with Portraits and from other Sources. Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

"Its intense human interest inevitably manifests itself upon every page."—*St. James's Gazette*.
"Not for a long time have we read a biography so natural and unaffected, so sound in judgment, so fair in the bestowal of praise, so careful in the expression of censure, and at the same time written with such insight into character."—*Birmingham Post*.

AUGUSTUS. Life and Times of the Founder of the Roman Empire (B.C. 63—A.D. 14). By E. S. SHUCKBURGH, Litt.D., late Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Illustrated and with Photogravure Frontispiece. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 16s.

In this study of the founder of the Roman Empire the writer has endeavoured to arrive at an impartial estimate of the character and aims of Augustus, and of the problem with which he had to deal in the Roman world as he found it.

SHAKESPEARE'S CHURCH. By J. HARVEY BLOOM, M.A. Beautifully Illustrated with many Photographs by L. C. Keighley-Peach. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

"It should become the standard work on the topic."—*Mr. SIDNEY LEE*.

TRUE TALES OF MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE FOR NON-CLIMBERS, YOUNG AND OLD. By Mrs. AUBREY LE BLOND (Mrs. Maine). With numerous Illustrations and Frontispiece. Demy 8vo, cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

THE CONFLICT OF DUTIES, and other Essays. By ALICE GARDNER, Lecturer and Associate of Newnham College, Cambridge, Author of "Julian the Philosopher," &c., &c. Cloth gilt, large crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

THE DAWN OF DAY. By FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE. Translated by JOHANNA VOLZ. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 8s. 6d. net.

AMONG THE PEOPLE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA: Red, White, Yellow and Brown. By FRANCES E. HERRING, Author of "Canadian Camp Life." Fully Illustrated from Original Photographs. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

THE COMING OF SONIA. By Mrs. HAMILTON SYNGE. Crown 8vo, 6s.

"Sonia is a fascinating little woman."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.
"In the choice and treatment of her subjects Mrs. Syngé has achieved a triumph of mind over matter."—*Outlook*.

LUNCHEONS: a Cook's Picture Book. With over 200 Illustrations. By MARY RONALD. Large crown 8vo, cloth, 6s. net.

FIRE BRIGADE REFORM. By ARTHUR SHEAN, Consulting Fire Brigade Engineer. Crown 8vo, paper covers, 6d.; post free, 7d.

The questions discussed include:—Water Supply—Buildings—The Fire Services—Maintenance—Material and Appliances, &c.

UNWIN'S COPYRIGHT NOVELS.
NEW VOLUME.

WAS IT RIGHT TO FORGIVE?
By AMELIA E. BARR. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

**TWO THRILLING NOVELS.
THE LIVING BUDDHA.**

By ROY HORNIMAN. 8/-

THE MAN IN THE STREET.

By LUCAS CLEEVE. 8/-

London: T. FISHER UNWIN,
Paternoster Square, E.C.

The Academy and Literature.

No. 1605. Established 1869.

London: 7 February 1903.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper.]

THE LITERARY WEEK 119

REVIEWS.

Robert Buchanan: Some Account of His Life, His Life's Work, and His Literary Friendships 123
Mallet du Pan and the French Revolution 124
History of Scotland 125
La Grande Mademoiselle, 1627-1692 126
The Village Problem 126
French Engravers and Draughtsmen of the XVIIIth Century 127

SHORT NOTICES:

Religion for all Mankind—Penal Servitude—Songs from the Novels of Thomas Love Peacock—The Sea-Board of Mendip 123

FICTION:

The Gates of Wrath—The Living Buddha—Fugitive Anne 129

Notes on the Week's Novels 130

ARTICLES.

THE CONTINUITY OF LONDON 131
Art on the Dissecting-Table 132
Anatole France on Childhood 133
Impressions—XVIII. Companions 134
DRAMA:
Gallic Salt. E. K. Chambers 134
ART:
Two Types C. L. H. 135
SCIENCE:
The Living Cell. O. W. Saleeby 136
CORRESPONDENCE:
Spadework 137
"The Veil of the Temple" 138
Wanted a Word 138
Tolstoy's "Resurrection" 138
Half-forgotten Books 138
Mr. Ashton's Recreations 138
"Wisdom while You Wait" 138
WEEKLY COMPETITION:
"My Favourite Piece of Sculpture" 139

The Literary Week.

HAS America a larger public for minor verse than we have? If the question is affected by the number of volumes issued the answer must certainly be, yes. Within the last week we have received from one publisher in Boston no less than seven volumes. None of the verse reaches a very high level, but none is really bad, and often the note struck is one of simplicity and sincerity. Perhaps these qualities constitute the appeal of such work to American readers, and it must be confessed they are qualities sadly lacking in much of the verse which reaches us from home sources. In this country the flow of minor verse is steady, but nothing compared with that of fiction. We have received ten new novels since Monday. Among other books published during the week we may note the following:—

ANCIENT ATHENS. By Ernest Arthur Gardner.

Prof. Gardner says in his Preface: "The author of a book on Ancient Athens must needs owe much to his predecessors, and these are so many that, in an attempt to make mere particular acknowledgment, there is no little danger of omission." The list of works referred to seems reasonably full. In order to avoid controversial matter in the body of his work Prof. Gardner has relegated such matter to the notes at the ends of certain chapters. "It has been my aim," he writes, "to give as clearly and directly as possible the impressions produced by the sites and buildings described, as viewed in the light of the references made to them by classical authors." The volume is fully and well illustrated from photographs.

DE SENANCOUR'S OBERMANN. With an Introduction by Arthur Edward Waite.

The first complete English translation of a book now close on a century old. "Obermann" owed much of its vogue in England to Matthew Arnold's essay, and it seems curious that no earlier translation should have been published. Mr. Waite's introduction is both biographical and critical; he regards "Obermann" as "a great book of the soul" and its author as a "man of vision." We quote a passage from the conclusion of the book: "And if I should reach old age, if, on a day, still thought-haunted, but ceasing from speech with men, there should be a friend at my side to receive my farewell on earth,

let my chair be set down on the short grass, may there be peaceful daisies in front of me, beneath the sun, under the vast sky, that in relinquishing this fleeting life I may recall something of the infinite illusion."

THE ROMANCE OF MY CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH. By Mme. Edmond Adam.

Translated by Helen Stanley. Mme. Adam, it will be remembered, gathered about her during the Empire a number of advanced politicians, artists, and wits, and in 1879 founded the "Nouvelle Revue." In Mme. Adam's preface we read: "I am the daughter of a man who was a sincere sectarian, disinterested even to self-sacrifice, and who dreamed of absolute liberty and absolute equality. Until the terrible year of 1870 his mind mastered my own. For an instant, during the days of the Commune, he thought his dreams were about to be realised. Were he alive now he would be a disciple of Monsieur Brisson, whose political ancestor he was. He would have pursued only one idea: the upsetting of everything."

MAIN CURRENTS IN NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE. By George Brandes.

The third volume of "Main Currents," dealing with the "Reaction in France" (1874). "A certain aggregation of personages, actions, emotions and moods, ideas and works, find expression in the French language, and influence French Society at the beginning of the nineteenth century, form in my eyes a naturally coherent group, from the fact that they centre round one idea, namely, the re-establishment of a fallen power. This fallen power is the principle of authority." The volume opens with the Revolution and the Concordat, and leads by way of the Lyric Poetry of Lamartine and Hugo to the "Dissolution of the Practical Principle of Authority" and the "Culmination and Collapse of the Reaction."

We like Mr. Burgin's cheeriness. We read that he the other day expressed himself as follows, in a letter dictated through the Edison-Bell phonograph: "Oh, dear! forty-seven to-day and just brought out the 'Shutters of Silence,' my twentieth novel, and have two more novels and thirty-eight short stories coming out this year. As the girl said when she sat at the window in Venice: 'I'm looking at the canal, and drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before.'"

THE "Manchester Guardian" is to be congratulated on the fact that it was able the other day to give a three-column report of an interview with Mr. George Meredith. Mr. Meredith, we believe, has never before permitted his spoken views to be printed; he has always preferred to speak to the public through the medium of his chosen art. This record of a long conversation has, then, a particular and personal interest. The main subject of the talk was the future of Liberalism, but there were many digressions into matters which come more within our province. Mr. Meredith has never written what is called a political novel; his politics have been implied in character rather than expressed in development of plot. "Beauchamp's Career," perhaps, may be considered an exception, but the interests of that remarkable book cannot be bound by the narrow limits of any classification. Mr. Meredith doubts whether the nation as a whole understands Imperialism. "Do our people know what Imperial principles are? They have yet, I think, to be instructed in them." Then the speaker proceeds to the question of education and the show of patriotism at the time of the Boer War. It was only patriotism, Mr. Meredith considers, in one direction:—

It was not the patriotism that looked all round the country's interests, although I for one was very glad to see that the country was stirred in its heart and tightened in its nerve by the disasters of Colenso and Magersfontein. That was all to the good, for it showed the country concerned with itself. But we want to see the lower orders in England—the peasantry and the artisans—taking a livelier, steady, and constant interest in the concerns of the country. . . .

Concerning education, Mr. Meredith said:—

I trust that ultimately (at present, I admit, it does not seem as though we can look for it to come speedily)—but I hope that ultimately we shall be able to take teaching out of the hands of the clergy, and that we shall be able to instruct the clergy in the fact that Christianity is a spiritual religion and not one that is to be governed by material conditions. A spiritual God I most perfectly believe in. I have that belief constantly before me—I feel it within me; but a material God that interferes in material, mortal affairs I have never seen, and that I don't mind anybody knowing; and it is, I am sorry to say, for the material God that the clergy seem to be striving. . . .

That last sentence is the text upon which Mr. Meredith has written again and again; it accentuates the responsibility of the individual, while it gives him, in the spiritual idea, not a haven of refuge but a point of repose and rest. Mr. Meredith's unalterable hope in human nature constitutes the great appeal of his philosophy; his is the controlling optimism which never overreaches itself, because it is anchored fast to life and the sum of human experience. In conclusion Mr. Meredith said:—

I suppose I should regard myself as getting old—I am seventy-four. But I do not feel to be growing old either in heart or mind. I still look on life with a young man's eye. I have always hoped I should not grow old as some do—with a palsied intellect, living backwards, regarding other people as anachronisms because they themselves have lived on into other times and left their sympathies behind them with their years.

Nothing has been more remarkable, perhaps, than that perennial youthfulness of Mr. Meredith. He has never gone into the wilderness and brought back strange goblins to frighten us; which does not mean that he has no knowledge of the wilderness, but that he recognises it for what it is.

It appears that in Germany there is now a Poet's Trust. The lyrical poets of that practical country, to the number of about seventy, met some time ago to consider the matter of remuneration; perhaps pay would be a better word in the circumstances. They decided that they were not

receiving high enough terms, and they have now entered into a compact not to accept less than sixpence a line. We sympathise with the gentlemen whose lyric fervours were rewarded with less than this; we sympathise, too, with the editors whose hands are to be forced, if the forcing comes about. To have seventy poets in a country each of whom writes verses worth sixpence a line must be a sore trial.

THE difficulties of the compilers of dictionaries are well illustrated in a note in "Notes and Queries," by Dr. Murray, editor of the "New English Dictionary." The word which Dr. Murray discusses is the now too familiar "Appendicitis." Dr. Murray writes:—

When the portion of the dictionary dealing with *app-* was written in 1883, we had before us a single reference, from a recent medical source, for this word. As words in *-itis* are not (in origin) English in form, but Græco-Latin, and thus do not come within the scope of an English dictionary, unless, like *bronchitis*, they happen to be in English use, I referred our quotation for *appendicitis* to a well-known distinguished medical professor His answer was that *appendicitis* was a name recently given to a very obscure and rare disease; the term was purely technical or professional, and had even less claim to inclusion in an English dictionary than hundreds of other Latin or Latinized Greek terms of which the medical lexicons are full, and which no one thinks of as English.

Yet, twenty years later, *appendicitis* appears to be a disease neither rare nor obscure. It is perhaps fortunate that our bodies are reticent concerning their dictionary possibilities.

MR. DOOLEY does not believe in free libraries. He says in the "New York American":—"Libries niver encouraged lithrachoor anny more thin tombstones encourage livin. No wan iver wrote annything because he was tol' that a hundred years fr'm now his books might be taken down fr'm a shelf in a granite sepulcher an' some wan wud write 'Good' or 'This man is crazy' in th' margin. What lithrachoor needs is fillin' food." In the conversation with his friend Hennessey the following passage occurs:—

"Has Andrew Carnaygie given ye a libry yet?" asked Mr. Dooley. "Not that I know iv," said Mr. Hennessey. "He will," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye'll not escape him. Before he dies he hopes to crowd a libry on ivry man, woman, an' child in th' country. He's given thim to cities, towns, vilages, an' whistlin' stations. They're tearin' down gas houses an' poor-houses to put up libries. Before another year ivry house in Pittsburg that ain't a blast furnace will be a Carnaygie libry. In some places all th' buildin's is libries. If ye write him fr an autygraft he sinds ye a libry.

Mr. Dooley, as we said the other day, always has his eyes open; he is a philosopher who gets at things from the inside.

IN "Blackwood's Magazine" we find a series of "Letters to a Literary Aspirant." The letters are written in a spirit of implied criticism, and occasionally they hit the mark very neatly:—

Your object, then, at every stage in your novel-making must be to discover the water-worn channels in your reader's mind, so that by means of one of these your own stream of romance may flow more readily and make a goodlier torrent; otherwise your symbols might be Chinese characters instead of English for all the images they will awaken in his brain. It is precisely here that the cunning and experienced professional scores his points and makes his income. . . .

After more advice of a similar utilitarian kind, the writer proceeds to give examples of the types of novels that bring circulation and income: the first is laid in France in that indefinite past which has such attractions for certain

romancers: the second represents the "North British Melodramatic Idyll" and opens thus:—

God wots I am but a feckless loon, and the ongoings I here-
with give to the world only the clavers of a dreich and
waesome peat-hag; yet it behoveth all men to speak of what
they have seen, particularly should the profession of the
ministry have given them (as by the grace of Providence it
has given me) the gift of what they call in our parts the gab;
and so will I e'en take up the tale upon a frosty morning in
the latter part of November towards the close of the Fatal
Year. Fatal indeed it had been for the old house of
Auchterfechan. Two braw sons snippit awa' by the tattie-
boggles, the kye blithered but and ben, and the winsome bit
lass Miss Buttercup wrestling now with the dread curse of
the Drumwharrochs. For the malison had erstwhile withered
her rosy cheeks, and the doctor's nag stood even at that
instant before the sneek kailyard.

What an astonishingly familiar air the passage has.

THERE has been held a "Shakespearean religious service," and the scene of it, we learn from an article in the "Shrine," was Tirnanog. Says the writer of the article, who signs himself "A Broad Churchman":—

The participators met, by invitation, in the drawing-room of the gentleman who had devised this service, as one that might prove agreeable to the religious ideas of his friends. As I entered to time, he was seated in an easy chair, facing the assembly, beneath an ornamental bracket, whereon, half enveloped in chrysanthemums, was a marble figure of the infant Shakespeare, with Jovian brow, a smile upon his lips, with eyes glancing, and little arms stretched forth to Heaven. The conductor of the service had an open "Shakespeare" on his knees, and all of us, by request, had come provided each with a copy of the poet's works. This initial service needed some explanatory comment, and I shall now report it by the aid of my notes, as far as possible, upon the conductor's own lines.

For this remarkable performance the sonnets were largely used, and the one-hundred-and-forty-sixth was selected for the opening as being an "expression of the moods of general confession and repentance." Then followed a creed touching our "Lord the Ideal," which introduces the Roman Empire, the Reformation, and the Renaissance. At the Renaissance—

our Lord the Ideal appeared in the universality of His glory of Beauty, Truth, and Love, as Pan-Logos, and in the person of Shakespeare judged the state of the world. He sanctified the sceptre of Justice, that beneath its sway, not only Love might still more live and thrive in the world, but that Beauty, Truth, and Love, now for ever in harmony, might accomplish the eternal Kingdom of the Ideal and make earth heaven.

After this came a celebration of the threefold Ideal "in terms of Sonnet," the one-hundred-and-fifth. There was more of the same kind of thing, and a second creed, the whole business concluding with the one-hundred-and-twenty-sixth Sonnet. The writer concludes:—

At the close of the service I re-issued into the actual world in that state of perfect religious harmony and peace, which I have so often been left to desiderate, in issuing not from mission chapels only, but even from cathedrals and mosques, and Indian and Chinese temples. As a Broad Churchman I was satisfied at last.

We envy "a broad Churchman" his faculty of being pleased. For ourselves, we think we should have left the service with very different feelings. The infant Shakespeare, "with Jovian brow, a smile upon his lips," even without the chrysanthemums, would have been too much for us.

Is the "Monthly Review" going to make a feature of editorials in verse? This month again the first article swings to metre, and we detect the hand which wrote the

last. The verses have for title "An Essay on Criticism," and after playing round the subject generally the writer pounces on Mr. Kipling. Why, he asks, turn critic of political and imperial matters, giving

friendly bears, expecting buns,
A paper full of stale, unwholesome hums.

Mr. Kipling is conjured to return to the inferential criticism which his best work displays.

In that Day's Work be sure you gained, my friend,
If not the critic's name, at least his end;
Your song and story might have roused a slave
To see life bodily and see it brave.
With voice so genial and so long of reach
To your Own People you the Law could preach,
And even now and then without offence
To Lesser Breeds expose their lack of sense.
Return, return! and let us hear again
The ringing engines and the deep-sea rain,
The roaring chanty of the shore-wind's verse,
Too bluff to bicker and too strong to curse,
Let us again with hearts serene behold
The coastwise beacons that we knew of old;
So shall you guide us when the stars are veiled,
And stand among the Lights that never Failed.

The writer of "Literature and Life" in the "Saturday Review of the New York American" is a master, as we have had occasion to point out before, of a certain vague floridity. It appears that Count Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac is now in New York to "read poems which he has written and essays on art to the exclusive." He hopes to extend the liberty of poetry by cultivating "in the shadow of the Ivory Tower wherein Vigny withdrew, according to Sainte-Beuve, singular, rare and perfumed flowers." The writer continues:—

Are you sure that he is mistaken? The muse of poetry wants to see herself beautiful. To reflect her beauty she may not prefer the natural springs in the woods rather than the mirror by which a subtle artificer shows her divine visage in the crystalline limpidity of fictitious and imaginary water.

We should like to know what Count Robert de Montesquiou-Fezensac thinks about those six concluding words.

THERE is shortly to be issued a new monthly art magazine under the title of the "Burlington Magazine for Connoisseurs." The editor is to be Mr. Robert Dell, who is to have the advice of a consultative committee consisting of thirty-one members. It is claimed that the "Burlington Magazine" will represent, more than any existing publication, the leading art periodicals of the Continent. One good point is that the majority of the illustrations will be inset plates, without any text on the back. The promoters of the enterprise are at any rate ambitious, and we wish the venture well.

EDINBURGH is not a city which supports many native journalistic ventures, but it is shortly to have the opportunity of reading a new daily paper of its own. In politics the new paper is to be liberal in the manner of Lord Rosebery. The "Scotsman," the promoters think, has had its own way far too long.

THE "Literary World" prints a list of "Fifty Representative Historical Novels," compiled by Mr. Jonathan Nield, who some months ago published a volume containing a list of romances covering practically the whole field of history. The list is distinctly interesting. Mr. Nield has included no book of doubtful pretensions, and the periods dealt with range from the sixth century B.C. to 1825.

MR. W. G. COLLINGWOOD has an interesting article in "Good Words" on "Ruskin's Library." Ruskin's books were scattered all over his house, but in his study were kept his books of constant reference and his pet editions. Curiously enough, in that workroom there were few volumes on Art or Political Economy, save two,—one an odd volume, mostly uncut, and Viollet le Duc's "Dictionnaire de l'Architecture." Ruskin, says Mr. Collingwood, "came to his own conclusions; he got at the root of the matter, mostly, and he could make you see it. All the tinkering criticism about his mistakes only shows that he thought 'first-hand,' so to say, and wrote with a full pen." Ruskin had one abominable habit—that of cutting down books to fit a shelf. It is almost incredible that he could saw off the top edge and rip out the best plates from so valuable a folio as Westwood's "Minatures and Ornaments of Anglo-Saxon and Irish MSS." Yet he did it.

It is possible to say with some certainty what are the best books on historical, scientific, or philosophical questions, but who is to decide which are the best current novels? A contemporary give the following as the "Best New Novels":—

"Lord Leonard the Luckless" -	W. E. Norris.
"The Private Papers of Henry Rycroft."	George Gissing.
"The Golden Kingdom" -	Andrew Balfour.
"The Red House" -	E. Nesbit.
"The Countess Londa" -	Guy Boothby.
"The Gates of Wrath" -	Arnold Bennett.
"The Circle" -	Katherine Thurston.
"The Riggleses and Others" -	Evelyn E. Rynd.
"Anthea's Way" -	Adeline Sergeant.
"A Mixed Marriage" -	Mrs. Frank Penny.

We do not suppose that any two people would accept this selection as it stands.

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, answering the question of "T. P.'s Weekly" concerning the "Books of My Childhood," says:—

The "Pilgrim's Progress." What a dramatist Bunyan might have made if he had not fallen into the hands of the Puritans!

Does Mr. Jones always read in terms of the Drama? Bunyan would have made one of the worst dramatists in the world.

Bibliographical.

SAID a writer in the "Sphere" last Saturday (January 31): "It has not been noticed that Mr. Basil Hood has based his new opera, 'A Princess of Kensington,' on a lengthy poem entitled 'Kensington Garden,' written by Thomas Tickell, and published in 1722." As a matter of fact, Mr. Hood's indebtedness to Tickell (such as it is) was duly pointed out in one of the London daily papers on Friday, January 23. Moreover, it is not accurate to say that "A Princess of Kensington" is "based" upon "Kensington Garden." All that the Savoy librettist has taken from Tickell is the suggestion that Oberon once held his court where now is Kensington, that that place is named after his daughter Kenna, and that Kenna had a fairy lover named Azuriel who was fiercely jealous of a mortal prince named Albion. All of this is told by Mr. Hood in the first ten minutes of his opera; everything that follows is wholly of his own invention. For my own part, I am glad that we have a librettist so well read as Mr. Hood appears to be. Apart from the Savoy products, contemporary comic opera is magnificently independent of all assistance from literature.

An article on Thomas Campbell in a leading literary review—wonders will never cease! 'Tis many a year since any authoritative critic thought it worth his while to devote an essay to the author of "The Pleasures of Hope." Of course Campbell found his way into Mr. Miles's "Poets and Poetry of the 19th Century," but that is not saying much. More to the purpose is the fact that he figured in 1891 in Henry Morley's series called "Companion Poets." A selection from his verse figured in the "Canterbury Poets" in 1885. His "Poetical Works" were reprinted by Routledge in 1880 and 1887, and by Gall and Inglis in 1881. That he should be included in Messrs. Oliphant's "Famous Scots" series (1899) was to be expected, as Scotland looks well after her own children. That certain poems by Campbell are still being read by youthful Britons is made clear by the selections published in recent times "for the use of schools"—in 1889, 1894, 1895 (two selections), and 1902.

Mr. Harland speaks of his "Mademoiselle Miss and Other Stories" as if they were antique productions, but the volume containing them is only ten years old. One of Mr. Harland's earliest publications was "My Uncle Florimond," imported over here from the United States in 1888. Then he published here "Grandison Mather" (1889, reprinted 1891), "A Latin-Quarter Courtship and Other Stories" (1889), "Two Women or One" (1890), and "Mea Culpa" (1891). It was, I should say, his "Grey Roses" (1895, reprinted 1901) which first attracted our critics and public. Afterwards came "Comedies and Errors" (1898), but it was his "Cardinal's Snuff Box" which first secured for him universal acceptance.

In one of the numerous series of reprints, Bishop Wilson's "Sacra Privata, or Private Meditations and Prayers," is to figure. It first came out in 1786, but not until 1853 (so it was claimed) was it "printed entire from the original manuscript." Its popularity of late years is, of course, due to the eulogies of Mr. Matthew Arnold. In sheer vogue it seems to have been outdone by two other works of the Bishop—his "Knowledge and Practice of Christianity made Easy" (reprinted by the S.P.C.K. in 1848) and his "Short and Plain Instruction for the Better Understanding of the Lord's Supper" (reprinted in 1888).

Messrs. Macmillan's promised reprint of the English translation of Plutarch's "Lives" which A. H. Clough revised and corrected from the original, has led to the appearance of some amusing paragraphs, by which it was made clear that the writers knew absolutely nothing of the work with which they dealt. Clough himself was described as "late Professor at University College, London"—late indeed, seeing that he died in 1861! The paragraphists seemed not to be aware that they were referring to the poet and essayist, the derided of Mr. Swinburne, the beloved of Mr. Matthew Arnold.

The volume on Cardinal Mazarin which Mr. Arthur H. Hassall has prepared for the "Foreign Statesmen" series will be welcome. Of late years we have had no English monograph on the Cardinal save that written by Mr. Gustav Masson and published in 1886. Meanwhile, for most English people, I fear, the only real Mazarin is the Mazarin of Alexandre Dumas, as remembered through the mists of middle and old age.

In reply to Mr. Minchin's letter of last week I may note that the "Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arbly," edited by her niece, Charlotte Barrett, appeared originally in seven volumes in 1842-6. My business, for the moment, was only with the latest reprints of the work.

I see Mr. Bernard Capes has written a novel which he calls "A Castle in Spain." That strikes one as rather an obvious title, and certainly a story so-named was published by Messrs. Chatto some eighteen years ago.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Literary Man.

ROBERT BUCHANAN: SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE, HIS LIFE'S WORK, AND HIS LITERARY FRIENDSHIPS. By Harriet Jay. (Fisher Unwin.)

THIS biography of Robert Buchanan, diffuse in its very title, is written by his sister-in-law, who was also his adopted daughter. Trained (as she says) from her earliest years to look up to him with reverence as the embodiment of all the moral—and other—virtues, she is therefore the last person in the world to write his life in any true sense. She is at the same time well fitted to produce the usual domestic "great and good man" record. And being a novelist, she is also able to make her biography readable—for which we are thankful exceedingly. It is on the usual principle of letting the man "speak for himself," and is quite a capable piece of work in its kind, which we love not.

A Scot born in England of an English mother, and educated in Glasgow, Buchanan all his life fought fiercely for things he could not quite achieve—which he had it not in him quite to achieve. He was a thinker—enough not to be quite a poet; a poet—enough to spoil his thinking. He was poor, and had to struggle for a living; which is a very bad thing for a poet in days when no man can live by poetry. He was versatile enough to do many things for a living, but not versatile enough to do them quite well enough. He was almost great in several ways, and ate his heart out in the stormy effort for that little more. Full of energy, and sensitiveness, and impatience, and consciousness of powers which somehow did not work out to rounded issues, he struck all round him, made many enemies, gained few friends, and was not a contented or successful man. Perhaps, though a fighter, he was not altogether strong.

His father was an Ayrshire tailor, who, under the influence of Robert Owen, turned Socialist orator, journalist, reformer, and infidel; his mother, young, pretty, adored and adoring, the parent of his own quick emotions, was the daughter of a Midlands' lawyer, also a Socialist. He went first to a London school, where the master held peculiar (and seemingly economical) views on the diet of the young, which resulted in small Robert falling back on a supplementary diet of garden snails, and coming home chiefly bones. He removed to a French and German school kept by a Gallic gentleman, and his parents to a cottage at Norwood—where, among other social and Socialistic acquaintance, he had the society of Louis Blanc. Thence he passed to a small day-school at Glasgow, where his father edited the "Glasgow Sentinel," and soon prospered in the world. It was not a very happy position for poor young Robert. His schoolfellows practised the gospel of Christianity by warning one another: "Don't play with yon laddie, his father's an infidel!" Often he "prayed with all his soul that his father would mend his ways, go to church, and accept the social sanctities like other men." Nor did the poor little poet take kindly to the bare creed or negation of creed in which he was trained:—

"While my father was confidently preaching God's non-existence," says he, "I was praying to God in the language of the canonical books. I cannot even remember a time when I did not kneel by my bedside before going to sleep, and repeat the Lord's Prayer. So far away was I from any human sympathy in this foolish matter, that this praying of mine was ever done secretly, with a strong sense of shame and dread of discovery."

He was in after-life, of course, an Agnostic, with "a strong sense of natural religion"—which vague phrase you can interpret for yourself. Sent to a boarding-school

at Rothesay, in the Isle of Bute, he began to develop all the characteristics of his after self. Worshipping his mother, he was bitterly homesick. He also fell in love. He was twelve, and she was nine; and they parted—never to meet again. "Again and again my youthful Juliet rushed into my arms," he writes, "again and again our tears mingled together." Naturally, being Robert Buchanan, he began to write verse, for the first time. He met a dazzling vision (let us hope it was before the "youthful Juliet"); her name was Rebecca, and he rhymed it with "deck her." Did not Tennyson write—

I wove a crown before her,
To show that I adore her,
For her I love the dearest,
A garland for Lenora—

or something like it? Let us excuse poor Robert at twelve. The spirit of revolt which was his throughout life came with those of love and poetry. "Were you that devil of a boy who was at school with my daughter at Rothesay?" wrote to him a gentleman some years later. He was. He made up his mind to get expelled (having first tried jumping off a steamer, coming home dripping, and saying he had fallen overboard) and he got expelled—perhaps the only time he got his desire.

So he passes ultimately to the Glasgow High School, and he makes friends with a "poet" on his father's staff, one Hugh Macdonald, who teaches him Scottish song. Macdonald also published the boy's first ballad in the "Glasgow Times"—perhaps the strongest argument against Macdonald being a poet. But "the very air was full of poetry. Why, in the adjacent town of Paisley alone the poets were to be counted by thousands. Macdonald knew them all." Great Phœbus! "It is more than likely that if you stopped a policeman on his beat in the streets of Glasgow, you would find that he was a poet, and that he knew his Shakespeare and even his Shelley, to say nothing of his Burns!" After which, it seems necessary to remind the reader that Miss Jay is a novelist.

But all this seems to explain, or help to explain, Buchanan's habitual lack of poetic completion, of severity with himself in what he wrote. He learned to associate poetry with too unexact a standard. There are hardly in the literature of the world a thousand poets. Of higher import was it that he saw Vandenhoff in "King Lear," and for the first time grasped the greatness of the play, if not of Shakespeare (for his understanding of Shakespeare shows limitations, like most things concerned with him). The players themselves he came to know, and writes:—

Morals they had none to boast of; they tripped, they swaggered, they ran after petticoats and petticoats ran after them; but the spirit of the savage old literature ran in their veins like blood, and they had the fine qualities of their defects. Their very speech was archaic, their very oaths were reminiscent of Bardolph and Pistol . . . Among them, for a short period, drifted a young player of another nature, afterwards known to the world as Henry Irving. A quiet, studious young man, even then ambitious, but exhibiting little talent even as a "walking gentleman," I was much drawn to him by his thoughtful personality, so different to the wilder personalities of his companions, and I took him to my father's house and introduced him to my mother.

His father's sudden and complete failure made him risk the venture of throwing himself on London, whither his poetic ambitions drew him. With plenty of clothes but little in his pockets he reached Euston, to have his luggage impounded on account of a lost ticket. He had no friends, did not know where to go. Lying in Regent's Park, with tears in his eyes, he saw a youth looking at him; a close-cropped youth with a pugilistic aspect and a short clay:—

He reminded me instantly of . . . the Artful Dodger, and by that token he was quite as ragged and disreputable-looking. We got into conversation, and . . . hearing

that I was without a home, he invited me to accompany him to his quarters in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch. Late that afternoon I found myself in the east of London, in a sort of low lodging-house or thieves' kitchen. It is all like a dream now, but I remember my new friend was very kind to me, and saved me from impolite attentions on the part of my companions. The whole place reminded me of Oliver Twist, and I fancy Fagin was there as well as my friend the Dodger, whose bed I shared that night, throwing myself full dressed upon it and sleeping like a top till morning. There were other beds in the wretched room, and other youths and men of my friend's persuasion, but no one molested me, and, what is more wonderful, no one robbed me of the small sum in my pocket. I rose up in the early dawn, and shook hands with my friend, who was half asleep. I never saw him again.

It is not "the cheese," as Buchanan might have been told, for one gentleman in misfortune to prey on another. The account shows some of the weaknesses which explain Buchanan's want of success. It is over-wordy in the original (he cannot say "rose" without adding "up"). He conveys no idea, gets no grip of the scene he visited; an alert writer would have seized it in a few strokes.

We have dealt at some length with this early and preliminary period of Buchanan's life, because it shows his character in the making. What he was as boy and youth, he remained throughout. Whether success would have mitigated his character, one knows not. That first delusive success with his London poems must have made his comparative obscurity afterwards the harder to bear. His life becomes mainly a record of literary struggles, and largely the writing of "pot-boilers"; and in these pages has a very fragmentary appearance. It resolves itself into a series of papers by various hands on "Buchanan's this" and "Buchanan's that." The spirit of revolt was strong in him; and we fancy that, like Shelley, he would have made or found antagonisms however his life had run. Where he did not quarrel with men, he held aloof from them. Proctor, the semi-poet, was kind to him in his first friendless days; but (despite Proctor's invitations) he kept "intending" to call on him again till the old man's death. He was poor, and pride held him back, suggests Miss Jay. We suspect pride had much to do with all his isolation. He was "no hero-worshipper," she says. We suspect he could not afford to hero-worship, while he felt himself dubiously one of the heroes. He offended Lewes by irreverence towards the divinity of George Eliot. Lewes kept her behind a curtain, and no one might approach till he drew it, says Buchanan. It tempted his irreverence. He was friendly with Browning; but they cooled to each other. Browning said that "White Rose and Red" was "a beautiful poem! a beautiful poem!" clasping his hand warmly. But later, when Lecky, at an Academy dinner, eulogized the "City of Dream," Browning murmured, "Of whom is he speaking? Of Buchanan, the writer of plays?" So insincerity is hinted—or a little more than hinted. They disagreed over Walt Whitman, whom Browning denounced "on moral grounds," yet after confessed he knew only from "garbled" extracts. (The phrase is Buchanan's.) Buchanan's enthusiasm for Browning also "lessened as the years wore on," he says—but does not suggest insincerity. It is a glimpse of the misfortune of temperament to which his isolation was due. Of noble impulses, ideals, and efforts, of energy resurgent against misfortune, of a warm heart centred on a few, we get glimpses, and plenteous declarations. But not from these fragmentary materials for a biography is it possible to form a coherent idea of Buchanan the man. On the whole, in his attitude towards life as towards religion, one conceives him an Agnostic, dreaming of something unrealised, passionately striving towards it, and feeling himself benighted in the search.

"A Robust, Clear, and Manful Intellect."

MALLET DU PAN AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Bernard Mallet. (Longmans.)

"In England, nothing whatever has been published about Mallet du Pan except two articles in the 'Edinburgh Review.'" This is the statement of Mr. Bernard Mallet in presenting to English readers an entirely admirable biography of his remarkable ancestor. The arrival of this work is a piece of poetic justice, for Mallet du Pan, the pioneer historian, as he wished to be, and was, of the French Revolution, was a deep admirer of England. The unshakeable nation he called us, and it is impossible to read without pride his description of the England to which he fled when Geneva, his first refuge, was entered by the French troops in 1798:—

I could fancy myself in another world, in another century. The contrast between the Continent and England is astounding. *Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannus* is indeed true of to-day. Across the sea I left Europe in the throes of a convulsive effort to secure at any cost a shameful peace.

Here, we are in the full tide of war, crushed by taxation and exposed to the fury of the most desperate of enemies, but nevertheless security, abundance and energy reign supreme alike in cottage and palace. I have not met a single instance of nervousness or apprehension. . . . You may imagine that I am in my element, with no need to express my opinions and no fear of exile if I am wanting in respect to Barras or Merlin de Douai!

Indirectly English readers have already profited by the extraordinary sanity, uprightness, and clear-sightedness of this journalist of the Revolution. To his son, Carlyle wrote: "A fine, robust, clear, and manful intellect was in him, all directed towards practical solidities, and none of it playing truant in the air; a quiet valour that defies all fortune—and he had some rather ugly fortune to defy—everywhere integrity, simplicity, and in that wild element of journalism, too, with its sad etceteras, the 'assurance of a man.'" Taine wrote enthusiastically of Mallet's "analysis always exact, predictions almost always true." Sainte-Beuve, while denying him brilliance and ease, said all that need be said of a journalist when he declared that "no one is more often right, pen in hand, than he."

And that is the first and last impression that one receives from this record. Mallet du Pan preserved a marvellous sanity amid the deliriums of his time—not sanity of the glacial and self-preserving kind, but hot, alert, and dangerous. A Swiss by birth, he was reared in the city in which Amiel was to watch with a bewildered and sensitive philosophy the slow and peaceful revolutions of later times. He belonged to that Genevese school which his French biographer has described as one of "precise observation guided by moral sense." He could accept facts and expound them with incomparable force. Thus, always consistent, he was always in the van of thought. A Royalist to the core, he could write in 1789: "The principles of the Revolution have become the law of the land. They were imperiously demanded by the abuses of every kind under which France had groaned since Louis XIV. To attempt to oppose the new order of government by schemes of active resistance, by chimerical ideas of counter-revolution, would be an act of madness." Yet he never ceased to denounce intolerance and anarchy in the Assembly. There is something Olympian in the clear sight of this sleepless publicist who understood so much better than his fellows the meaning of the Revolution, and to whom that upheaval was so much more dreadful because he saw it steady and saw it whole. He saw that the axe had been laid to the very root of the tree, and that a new society must be planted and nurtured. But under what conditions? "Among a people corrupted by the mean vices engendered by despotism, amid an excessive inequality of fortune and still more of education and talent, with books which

substituted enthusiasm for reflection, amid a chaos of morals, rights, and systems!"

Again and again one is braced by the superb courage and intelligence of the editor of the "Mercure," whose single pen made itself formidable while a myriad swords dripped blood. His daughter has left a description of the home life which lay behind this quietly heroic figure:—

Imagine my childhood, passed amid the first horrors of the Revolution; those still evenings, when, seated in my little chair by my mother's side, every knock on the door filled me with fright, thinking that it meant nothing less than the return of his corpse. My mother said nothing, nor did I; but young as I was—I was but thirteen—I guessed and felt all these things. And then that fearful scene at the Opéra, when I heard this "good" people yell "Down with the Aristocrats!" and "Mallet du Pan to the gibbet!"

It was amid scenes and perils like these that Mallet du Pan kept the cool head of a great publicist, and looked beyond even his worthiest readers into the needs of the future historian. To be a pioneer historian was his ideal. He therefore placed facts before comment, though a presentation of facts such as his was the essence of comment. His analytic reports of the debates in the Assemblies were read throughout Europe with confidence.

At last, threatened with the public guillotine and the private pistol, denounced by the parties between whom he strove to hold the balance, the victim of four assaults on his house, three arrests, and one hundred and fifteen denunciations, threatened finally with a trial that could end only in his death, Mallet sat down to his desk and forged one more thunderbolt, then prepared for flight.

Such a man could find no resting-place in Europe, and death or England were the foregone alternatives of his future. Chased, it is said, by a French privateer, he landed at Yarmouth in May 1798, and came to the house of Mr. John Reeves in Cecil Street, in the Strand. Here and in his house near Bond Street he mingled with the strange world of exiles and emigrés, and continued with declining strength and disappointed hopes of Government support, his rapt criticism of the Revolution and the Napoleonic régime. But he saw that Bonaparte held France in the hollow of his hand, and his acceptance of the fact exposed him to charges of inconsistency wholly unjust. His was a locomotive mind. His present biographer justly remarks that Mallet du Pan would not even now need to recall his sketch of Napoleon after the triumphant return from Egypt.

Able and energetic in action, mock heroic in speech, never were valour and contempt for humanity, capacity, and false greatness, intelligence, ignorant jugglery, insolent immodesty, and splendid qualities, united to the same degree as in this man extraordinary rather than great.

To the last day of his strength this game man kept up the struggle in London. But disease, poverty, and age were allied against him, and he died two years after his arrival in England. The Government pension that had been vainly sought for himself was generously given to his widow.

This memoir, admirably planned and written, will be Mallet du Pan's memorial on English book-shelves. Its one seeming defect—a paucity of anecdote—was inevitable, for the man's life was in his opinions. But it is good to end with a story, and we will do so. In his youth he had known Voltaire well, and he united a deep admiration for his genius with a critical regard for his philosophy. He warmly defended Voltaire against those who imagined that his conversation was a tissue of blasphemies. In eight years of intercourse with the author of "Candide," he never once, he declares, heard him express a doubt as to

the existence of God or make a single jest of religion. On the contrary:—

I saw him one evening at supper give a tremendous lesson to D'Alembert and Condorcet (two Atheist writers) by sending his servants out of the room in the middle of a meal, and saying to the two Academicians, "Now, gentlemen, you are at liberty to pursue your discussion. As I do not wish to be robbed and murdered to-night by my servants, I am anxious that all notions of God and of a future state should not be eradicated from their minds."

Mr. Lang's Scotland.

HISTORY OF SCOTLAND. By Andrew Lang. Vol. II. (Blackwood.)

THE second instalment of Mr. Lang's erudite and lively history extends from the murder of Cardinal Beaton in 1546 to the death of James VI. in 1625. It is a crowded century of stirring and romantic exploit, to which Mr. Lang is well qualified to do justice, and of which he has already handled some of the more outstanding episodes in separate monographs on the Casket Letters and the Gowrie conspiracy. We discussed the general character of Mr. Lang's historical work, in connection with his first volume, in the ACADEMY of 12 May, 1900, and there is little on that score to add now. His interest is frankly in individual destiny rather than in the wider social and intellectual movements which are the background of history. He quotes, but with little sympathy, Carlyle's protest against the, perhaps, extravagant interest which in almost all historians who have touched the subject, the personality of Mary of Scotland has aroused:—

When he desires to see and hear the spiritual ferment of a grave, ardent, and deeply-moved people; to watch the tokens of hearts convinced of sin; and the stir of indignation against a secular imposture, the new joy of men between whose hearts and God the barrier of ceremony is broken—he is told a tale of scandal in high life. He is put off with the amours and hates of Darnley, Riccio, Mary, and Bothwell.

In fact, while human beings are of concern to human beings, that tragedy will be the subject of interest and dispute. There are here terrible and sorrowful facts, facts in great numbers, if not precisely recorded.

We have some sympathy with Carlyle's point of view; but this does not prevent us from appreciating the freshness with which Mr. Lang tells a twice-told tale, and the skill and patience which he devotes to analysing the cloud of evidence which obscures rather than reveals dark and sanguinary events.

It may be interesting, within the brief space at our disposal, to quote two examples of Mr. Lang's deliberate judgments upon his leading *dramatis personæ*. Of Murray he says:—

He was a Calvinistic opportunist. Believing in union with England, and in Protestantism, he steadily did his best for these causes. He had a pension from Elizabeth, and took a rich present from France. He was undeniably grasping: kirk lands or maiden's lands came alike welcome to him. He was ambitious, but it is vainly asserted that he schemed to win the crown. . . . An opportunist, in an age of public crime, has an uneasy course to steer. But Murray was brave; in private life without reproach; sagacious; honourable in his tutelage of his ward, the little King; and he would have made an excellent ruler, had he not been debarred by the accident of his birth.

Of John Knox:—

Knox had none of Murray's avarice; he betrayed no man; he took money from none, to none did he truckle. He even urged clemency on Murray, after Langside fight, and the Regent spared his future murderer, Bothwellhaugh. But, as Lethington said, Knox "was a man subject unto vanity." As a historian he is, necessarily, a partisan, and is credulous of evil about his adversaries, and apt to boast, as the heathen Odysseus declines to do, over dead men and women. As a

Christian, Knox's fault was to confine his view too much to the fighting parts of Scripture, and to the denunciations of the prophets. The "sweet reasonableness" of the Gospel was to him less attractive. He laid on men burdens too heavy to be borne, and tried to substitute for sacerdotalism the sway of preachers but dubiously inspired. His horror of political murder was confined to the murders perpetrated by his opponents. His intellect, once convinced of certain dogmas, remained stereotyped in a narrow mould. How little his theology affected, morally, the leaders of his party, every page in this portion of history tells. He was the greatest force working in the direction of resistance to constituted authority—itsself then usually corrupt, but sometimes better than anarchy tempered by political sermons. His efforts in favour of education, and of a proper provision for the clergy and the poor, were too far in advance of his age to be entirely successful. He bequeathed to Scotland a new and terrible war between the kirk and the State. He was a wonderful force, but the force was rather that of Judaism than of the Gospel.

For Mr. Lang's careful summing-up of Mary we have, unfortunately, no room. But we notice that, after telling us that "For Mary men poured out their lives like water. She was more to them than a woman: she was a religion and an ideal," he qualifies the statement by a warning that it applies rather to the Catholic youth of England than to Mary's own subjects, and presently adds that, in sixteenth-century Scotland, "men acted as their personal interests, or seeming interests, inspired them; and loving loyalty to the queen is a refraction from the Jacobite sentiment of a later time."

"To Better Herself."

LA GRANDE MADemoisELLE, 1627-1652. By Arvede Barine. Translated by Helen Meyer. (Putnam's Sons. 12s. net.)

MORE and more as we recede from the past and from its thoughts and its system of life, the more valuable become the books that lift again the curtain of oblivion falling inevitably over its scenes and its actors. The contrast is already so enormous that any intimate revelation of the manner of existence three centuries ago has a refreshing quaintness. The brain is drawn from its familiar outlook. It contemplates the unaccustomed and comes back from it stimulated as if by a change of environment.

Monsieur Arvede Barine's "La Grande Mademoiselle" raises the curtain to some extent upon the royal and political conduct of the reign of Louis XIII. La Grande Mademoiselle, round which the action is here centred, was the king's niece, and daughter of the Gaston D'Orleans, then Monsieur of France, whose character was such a marvellous mixture of baseness and intelligence, cowardice and effrontery, charm of manner and interminable appalling treacheries.

Mademoiselle, herself, was not a lovable personality. In her memoirs the egoism revealed is not only intense and passionate, but choked with pettinesses and an almost farcical vanity. In all the grim drama enacted at that period, when so much was changing, and so much was being done already to prepare the soil for the terrible revolution to come, Mademoiselle's chief preoccupation was the desire practically "to better herself" in life. In her position there was but one way to do this—through a brilliant marriage. And the futile efforts she made to attain this end are ludicrous in the complacent blindness that instigated them. Neither vulgarity nor absurdity affected her; she was without all partialities save one—the husband might be in his infancy or his dotage—Mademoiselle owned herself indifferent to details of this nature; but what he must have, or stand at least a very reasonable probability of having sooner or later, was a throne for the ambitious Frenchwoman to occupy. At the time when she was trying for the Emperor Ferdinand III. she writes in her memoirs, "The desire to be an empress followed me wherever I journeyed," and hearing that he was very

devout, with a view to furthering her own cause Mademoiselle tells us she thought it best already "to form habits best suited to the habits and humour of the Emperor."

The Emperor did not marry the lady, and the end of the episode has a touch of humour. For she writes: "By following his example I became so worshipful that after I had feigned the appearance of devotion a while I longed to be a nun." The religious mood, however, did not last long. The desire to be an Empress was of a greater duration. Even the Emperor's re-marriage to the Austrian Princess did not entirely kill hope. With an ingenious candour Mademoiselle says upon this matter: "The Empress is *enciente*; she will die when she is delivered, and then—"

Such was the daughter of Gaston D'Orleans. But if her coarseness was sometimes appalling, it must be remembered that neither her period nor her surroundings were of a nature to encourage softness of temperament. Richelieu was head of France, and Richelieu's influence was like an icy breath upon the least germ of delicate or sensitive feeling. And Mademoiselle along with the rest had to bend her proud neck forcibly in the yoke of the Cardinal. Even a careless word might have to be accounted for. The description of Mademoiselle, when a child of eleven years old, sent for by Richelieu to be first sternly humiliated, and then punished for an idle phrase, is interesting in the amount it lays bare. Louis XIII. after twenty-three years of married life had at last a son and heir. Mademoiselle, delighted with the new toy, in its doll-like paraphernalia of muslin and lace, exclaimed, "We will play at husband and wife." Richelieu heard,—there was nothing that sooner or later did not come to be heard by him,—and the remark cost the little girl both an interview she never forgot with the man whose only apparent warmth lay, as if ironically, in the splendid rose of his clerical garments, and also the termination of her residence under the roof of the Royal Palace. For in the utterance Richelieu scented, not danger, but the seed from which danger might subsequently grow, and that was enough to make preventive measures immediate. That he was not, moreover, very wide of the mark in his apprehensions was proved by the sequel. For Mademoiselle *did* subsequently cherish very confident dreams of marrying her young cousin, and worked so hard for it, that there was even some vague talk of considering the matter. Its absurdity, however, was too obvious. Louis XIV. was a child of thirteen, and the masterful Mademoiselle a great lusty creature of twenty-four.

To write of French History from the time of Louis XIII. onward to the Revolution and not be interesting is almost impossible. But Monsieur Barine's book suffers to an unusual extent by translation. Obscurity of meaning is frequent, the phrasing is not always comprehensible, and the persistence of literal transcriptions from the original results, at times, in the conveyance, not of the same, but of a somewhat divergent impression. "Louis XIII. was of a nature dry and hard," is a foreign way of making a sentence. The following also is scarcely translated into easy English: "A fine consolation truly? it clothed and fed the children, it brought back the dead, to maintain a camp of tinselled merry-makers, among whom nothing be seen but collations of gallantry to women." In spite of confused translation, however, M. Barine's book is full of interesting matter.

The Deserted Village.

THE VILLAGE PROBLEM. By G. F. Millin. (Swan Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.)

NOT for the first time in history has the decay of a hardy peasantry, its country's pride, been lamented by the observer of portents. When the capitalist and the slave turned the free labourer off the soil of Italy it was vaguely

felt that the Roman loafer was a poor substitute for the hardy peasant. In England, a century and a half ago, Goldsmith noted and immortalised the deserted village. Then came an interlude, during which we turned our hearts towards the cheap loaf, minding not at all where it was produced or who produced it or what he was paid for producing it. And then he found that the rush to the town and the cheap loaf was even further depopulating the country, filling the towns with the unemployed who had no money even to buy the cheap loaf, and degrading our race. To some it occurred that the Cobdenite doctrine of Free Trade was a good thing then and there when England wanted raw material for its factories and cheap bread for the workers who worked in them. But man shall not live by bread alone, and Free Trade is certainly not a First Principle. More important is the making of men, and after all man is best made by contact with his mother earth, whence all nourishment must ultimately be drawn.

In a series of short and lucid essays Mr. Millin draws up his indictment, gives his verdict, and pronounces sentence. We will put them shortly. The indictment is that while our towns swarm with men who cannot afford to buy the cheap loaf, the villager has to walk miles—in one case eleven—a day to reach his work on another man's land. The verdict is that private ownership of land is an absurdity. You may own your boots, if you made them, or bought them from someone who had paid the maker for them. But you cannot own land, since you did not make it, and have not paid the maker of it. And the sentence is banishment of the town-dweller to the country village, where, as Mr. Millin maintains on the evidence of figures, he can live on the land if only he has common sense.

Mr. Millin's remedy for the slum and the city is the village community, living on its own land, self-supporting, exchanging bread and ideals, meat and manufactures. One can scarcely resist this call to the country, which has been heard and answered by so many that have dwelt in towns, but not by the unemployed and incompetent:—

I have the most unfaltering faith in the attractiveness of God's green earth for human hearts, and in the cultivation of the soil as the healthiest and happiest of all physical labours; and I firmly believe that at no very distant period we shall have a repopulation of the land by a people sharpened and quickened by intercourse with their fellows, made wiser and broader by even their painful experiences of town life, and settled under altogether higher and better conditions than in the past.

It is a delightful ideal, and there are many who seek it, having forsaken the town for the soil. But there are possibilities of deterioration about Mr. Millin's scheme of villages, planted about the country, making their living out of themselves:—

These young communities will not only have their first-rate elementary schools and flourishing churches and chapels, but they will soon be requiring their secondary and technical schools, their public pleasure grounds and local bands, their concert-halls and lecture-rooms.

Works of art, actors, musicians, all will be wanted by the village community. And here we see the dreadful corollary. For the loafer who opens the carriage door of the musician will appear, as the tramp appeared punctually in America to the astonishment of Mr. Henry George. With that our village becomes a city, and the whole weary round of pavement begins again. But even an interval of God's green earth would be welcome.

Finis Coronat Opus.

FRENCH ENGRAVERS AND DRAUGHTSMEN OF THE XVIIITH CENTURY. By Lady Dilke. (Bell. 28s. net.)

IN this spacious and beautiful volume Lady Dilke worthily completes the learned yet lucid series of studies in which the pictorial and decorative art-work of France in the eighteenth century is "resumed," and to a certain extent

exhibited. As we turn over pages which recount the sincere and exquisite labours of burin and needle in setting down all kinds of masterpieces graceful and alluring—Moreau's "Les Graces Vengées," Gabriel de Saint-Aubin's "Réunion dans un parc," Drouais' "Mme. du Barry"—it seems well nigh incredible that these things came before the deluge of blood. Perhaps the curiously elaborate culs-de-lampe such as Choffard put into his Ovid (1770), the decorative tangles of Cupids and flowers that gave elegance rather than animation to the pages they honoured, bring out even more strongly than more ambitious illustrations the pathos of this pre-revolution art.

In a series of interesting memoirs incessantly annotated, Lady Dilke gives us a clear notion of the connection between painting and engraving in the country and period of which she treats, and by a number of often excellent reproductions enables her reader to follow her criticism intelligently.

In "Art in the Modern State" she had already dwelt on the inferiority imposed upon the engraver in the French Academy where he was eligible for membership, though he was not permitted to undertake any "ouvrage de peintres." We are not therefore surprised in the volume before us to find men of genius hanging on to the coat-tails of painters with the touching instance of a Mohammedan's wives. Rigaud, for instance, was a kind of Sultan to engravers, and happily so one admits on seeing Pierre-Imbert Drevet's extraordinary translation of Rigaud's Bossuet in the grand and voluminous robe which seems, by its splendid superfluity, to announce that rhetoric is incarnate.

There is plenty of interesting human nature revealed in these pages. Poor, uninspired, but heroic Abbé de Saint Non, who engulfed his fortune in a "Voyage pittoresque de Naples et dans les Deux Siciles," in which he allowed his own hand to figure merely in "the simpler ornaments" used as tail-pieces—one can fancy the poet of the "Parleys with Certain People" finding in him the inspiration for a monologue probing into the ruin which is sometimes finer than reward. Wille—"phlegmatique buriniste allemand"—seems more the satirist's mark than the poet's, as he writes on the day of Louis Capet's execution that, "toujours incommodé," he was unable to leave his house, but saw the procession pass by it. Le Bas, enraged because Mme. de Pompadour sends to him for his bill as though he were an "apothecary," though apparently without desiring to show contempt for either apothecaries or engravers, offers the moralist an example of the artistic sensitiveness which has spared less illustrious mortals than Madame the trouble of paying the artist at all. Diderot accused Le Bas of dealing the death-blow to good engraving, but that remark is a reflection on his conscientiousness, not his talents. "Almost all the best-known engravers of 'estampes galantes' and of illustrations for books were pupils of Le Bas or of men who had worked for him," says Lady Dilke.

The subjects for the book-engraving of her period were apt to be dull. It was the practice to decorate "thèses" with engravings, and it was perhaps a sense of the otioseness of the latter in this connection which betrayed Voltaire into an ill-tempered diatribe against book-illustration. Still one cannot look at the work done in La Fontaine, Molière, Shakespeare, Rousseau, by the association of Lancret and De Larmessin, Boucher and Laurent Cars, Hayman and Gravelot, Moreau-le-jeune and Le Mire, without seeing that great literature owed eighteenth century French art a considerable debt. For the first sight of apt illustrations to a work so well known that it has grown faded in its longevity, like a wreath of immortelles in a churchyard, has the effect of reviving an extinct interest. It is more potent than a "new reading."

Other New Books.

RELIGION FOR ALL MANKIND. By Rev. Charles Voysey. (Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE work of Mr. Voysey and the Theistic Church is well known, or at least in some sense familiar to those who take any account of spiritual matters outside the ring-fence of their own belief. In this volume Mr. Voysey sets forth the basis of his faith, a basis which he claims to be founded "on facts which are never in dispute." In his preface Mr. Voysey says:—

The following pages are written for the help and comfort of all my fellowmen, and chiefly for those who have doubted and discarded the Christian Religion, and in consequence have become Agnostics and Pessimists.

My object is to bring proofs of the Wisdom and Righteousness and Love of God in those events and experiences which are commonly called "evils." It is not possible to explain everything, but it is possible to explain by far the greater part.

No reader, of whatever faith or lack of faith, can fail to sympathise with Mr. Voysey's object and his earnestness of purpose. To those who have "discarded the Christian Religion" much that he has to say will no doubt appeal, and very properly appeal. But as a gospel preached to those who have accepted, even though without any vital thought, what is called revealed religion, Mr. Voysey's evangel will hardly count. We cannot enter here into the illogicalities into which Mr. Voysey's belief leads him, illogicalities to certain types of mind as bewildering as the miracles are to other types. Indeed, we can hardly do more than repeat the old truth that men believe only what they can believe. To such a mind as Sir Thomas Browne's no miracle was too marvellous for acceptance; he desired even greater tests for his belief, so that he might give the utmost of his allegiance to the God whom he served. There are thousands of such men to-day, men to whom faith is the breath of life. To such men the doctrine of the Incarnation is as simple as the rule of three; it is part of a kind of divine evolution. And the appeal of it is so profound, so poignant, so linked with the highest human analogies, that it touches every phase of existence. But Mr. Voysey has his place as all honest belief must have its place.

PENAL SERVITUDE. By W. B. N. (Heinemann.)

LORD WILLIAM NEVILL'S book has some interest as a personal document, but it is in no way striking. The author's point of view is uninspired and entirely ordinary; it might, perhaps, be urged with some justice that that is the point of view which such a book demands. Yet something more is needed to carry to anything like real success a volume dealing with so difficult a subject. For facts we can go to blue books, and Lord William Nevill after all gives us little more than facts. The book, too, strikes us as unsympathetic; personally we consider the opening chapters not in the best of taste, and particularly certain references to Mr. Justice Lawrence. On the whole, the general impression left upon the reader is one of satisfaction that such a difficult part of our administration is so well conducted. Lord William Nevill in the main speaks highly of the prison staffs, and particularly of the medical staffs. Here and there we have the wrong man in the wrong place, but the wonder to us is that so trying a calling as any form of prison administration should gather about itself so many men to whom one would have supposed a less restricted calling would have made a stronger appeal. It is most fortunate, of course, that this is so—we mention the fact merely as an interesting human point.

The question of food in convict prisons is always one which receives considerable criticism, naturally and rightly.

Even the existing dietary is far from being even approximately sound, and Lord William Nevill gives specific instances in which absolutely uneatable food was served to prisoners. Those responsible, we are told, were severely reprimanded; we suggest that the only proper punishment would be instant dismissal. There can be no possible excuse for any such lapses of perfectly simple duty.

SONGS FROM THE NOVELS OF THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK. (Brimley Johnson. 2s. 6d. net.)

A COLLECTION of the songs scattered through Peacock's novels has long been desired. The editor of the present volume only echoes a frequently expressed opinion in saying that "they have been admitted pre-eminent in their kind." He adds: "It is seldom that Peacock descends in this work to the commonplace, and few omissions have been required to maintain the standard of excellence." Well, here, at any rate, we have the desired collection; and each man may form his own judgment. For ourselves, we wish we could echo the editorial opinion just quoted. Frankly, the impression made on us is one of disappointment. We by no means feel that Peacock never reaches the commonplace. Some of the "Drinking-Songs," for example, which have long been well known (as the editor also says), are good specimens of their kind, of the song that is meant for singing in jolly company rather than for reading. And the excellence of such songs is that, while they express familiar and universal sentiments in plain and open fashion, they just clear the top-bar of commonplace. But other nations have drinking-songs which are admirable reading no less than admirable singing. We would sooner have one stave of Walter de Mapes' inspired Latin joviality than a hogshhead of Peacock's verses; and even in English, old Bishop still is worth a dozen of him. We feel that he is working on an old pattern well, but not inspiredly. And incomparably the best drinking-song he wrote is not among the drinking-songs—"Old Care." It is among the "Glees and Catches." These same are right gleeful and catchy things to sing; but they want to be sung. As verse for reading, they do not appeal to us as first rate. Of the Robin Hood poems, the first is excellent; the second, despite its "go," would hardly be noted in the work of a living poet. The "War Song of Dinas Vawr" is well known and good: is it supremely good? If all were on a level with two of its stanzas, it would be. Is it equal, for example, to the "Massacre of the Macpherson"? And when Peacock is serious, it seems to us he never gets above mediocrity—sometimes good mediocrity. In fine, the collection was worth making, and if your expectation is not strung too high, will not disappoint you. If we are disappointed, the modern sin of unsifted praise has something to answer for it.

THE SEA-BOARD OF MENDIP. By Francis A. Knight. (Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS would certainly have been reckoned by Lamb among his *biblia a-biblia*; and undoubtedly it is not a book for the seeker of entertainment or yet for the literary epicure. Nevertheless it is a book for which the author deserves thanks; one of those careful and laborious accounts of Old English parishes which few are disinterested and zealous enough to undertake. The parishes which it comprises, some ten in number, constitute (as the author says) "one of the most interesting corners of one of the most interesting counties in England"; and of them and their sea-board he has given a most thorough and painstaking description, alike historically and archaeologically. To this he has added an account of their flora and fauna, the whole being illustrated. Even for the reader to whom such dry-as-dust records do not appeal, the book is not

without its occasional interest; as, for instance, the description of the ancient British "camp" or fortification at Worleburg, Weston-super-Mare; with its pits containing the hewn and cloven skeletons of the Iberian British defenders, flung there (probably) by the Romans who had stormed the place, and fired the huts built over the store-pits. But its main interest is for the student of local history and archaeology; and to him this very thorough book may be warmly commended.

Mr. Gambier Bolton's admirable photographs of animals are known to most people, and in "A Book of Beasts and Birds" (Newnes) we have an interesting collection of his illustrations, together with a succinct text by the same hand. The book is popular, and not over technical, but the photographs are necessarily its chief attraction. Many strike us as being as good as they could be; the creatures have been caught in characteristic attitudes, and many at most happy moments. Anyone who has seen a baboon yawn, will be glad to have Mr. Bolton's picture of that extraordinary contortion.

The Royal Yacht Squadron has found its historians in Mr. Montague Guest (the Squadron's Librarian), and Mr. W. B. Boulton. The handsome volume before us (Murray), contains memorials of the Squadron's members, together with "an Enquiry into the History of Yachting and its development in the Solent; and a complete list of Members with their yachts from the foundation of the Club to the present time from the Official Records." The book is fully and admirably illustrated, and has for frontispiece a photogravure reproduction of Turner's "Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta." The volume is dedicated to the King, who is Admiral of the Squadron.

The twelfth volume of "Country Life" is well up to the level of its predecessors, which, in point of illustration, is saying a good deal. The journal touches upon most phases of country life, particularly in the way of houses, gardens, and sport. Many of the illustrations are remarkably good, and in all cases the reproduction is excellent. What we rather miss is the simplicity of the country: to turn over these pages is to be a little too much impressed with sumptuousness and wealth.

In "Shakespeare's Church" (Unwin), by Mr. T. Harvey Bloom, we have an Architectural and Ecclesiastical History of the fabric and ornaments of the Collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity of Stratford-upon-Avon. The book is full of interesting detail, and the monuments in the church are very fully described. There is also a list of inscriptions on the tombs in the churchyard. The volume is adequately illustrated from photographs.

NEW EDITIONS: The latest volume in the "Arden Shakespeare" (Methuen) is "Othello." Mr. H. C. Hart appears to have done his work of editing with great care. In a forty-four page introduction the various early editions are commented on and compared, and a general estimate of the play is attempted. "To my thinking," says Mr. Hart, "Othello" is the most perfect play that Shakespeare wrote. The central interests are more absorbing and continuously in evidence than elsewhere."—In the "World's Classics" (Richards) we have Thackeray's "Esmond" and Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter." These admirable cheap reissues, without introductions and notes of any kind, are, within their limits, all that could be desired.—"The Enemies of Books" (Stock), by William Blades, has been issued in a revised and enlarged form in the "Book Lover's Library." The volume has one page of illustrations, showing the anobium and the weird "image of Bookworm as it is graven in the 'Micrographia' of R. Hooke." London, 1665.

Fiction.

THE GATES OF WRATH. By Arnold Bennett. (Chatto. 3s. 6d.)

"The Gates of Wrath," Mr. Bennett tells us in a note, "was published serially before the issue of 'The Grand Babylon Hotel,' or of 'Anna of the Five Towns.'" The story is described as a melodrama, and melodrama it is; sometimes it is so overcoloured as to border upon farce, but here and there it touches a deeper note and approaches reality. As a mere sensational novel, indeed, the book is well enough, but it is not much better than many others of its kind; perhaps Mr. Bennett manages his material rather more artistically than is usual in such work, but the result is not distinguished; also, the tone is not consistent. Sometimes the author appears to be parodying the crudities of the sensation-monger; we come across the familiar phrasing, the copious externals of description. Who does not know this lovely wicked woman?

Then perhaps you would examine that oval face, neither dark nor fair, but something between the two, with its pearl-shaped hazel eyes, the marvellous profile of the Grecian nose, the exquisite firm mouth, with rich red lips, rather thin and compressed, the chin a miracle of fine curves, the rounded rose-leaf cheeks, unmarred by any cosmetic, the high, clear-white forehead, the little half-hidden ears—you would examine all this, and wonder at it, and enjoy it.

As for the story itself, it concerns incredible villainy, a vast fortune, plot and counter-plot, and a monomaniac. Everything is neatly pieced together, and everything goes the way of pure melodrama. But, since it comes from Mr. Bennett, it is disappointing melodrama. There is no reason in the world why the author of "Anna of the Five Towns" should not write melodrama, but we feel that it should be better than this. There is not a touch of romance in the book, and romance is just what was needed to carry it off. Stevenson's "The Dynamiters" is melodramatic enough in all conscience, but it is also full of the romance of which he had the secret. He was able to invest the grotesque with an air of quite human interest, almost of probability, and his people were alive. Mr. Bennett's people are not alive, which reduces "The Gates of Wrath" to a level below that at which we feel the author's work should stand.

Is it possible for a novelist successfully to serve two masters—to give his best to a public which wants his best and to write down to a public which takes no account of the best? In the case of a serious novelist, a man who has a true and virile artistic sense, we doubt it. Yet experiments are always interesting, and Mr. Bennett is fond of experiments. On the result of this particular one, however, we cannot offer him more than very qualified congratulations.

THE LIVING BUDDHA. By Roy Horniman. (Unwin. 6s.)

THAT which in this melodramatic volume matches the fervid red of its covers is not its most remarkable feature. The author, while possessing a distinctly old-fashioned fondness for coincidence and lime-light, shows considerable power of entering sympathetically into the life and thought of a foreign civilisation. The civilisation is Chinese, and opposed to the evangelical work of the hero's stepfather. One is interested to find, however, that Mr. Horniman's missionary sympathises with Buddhism, and is disposed to regard its teaching as sufficient for the citizens of Tsang-Lo. The friendly tolerant note also characterises some excellent sketches of Chinese officials—the young Mandarin on whom the Fuchsia League leave their floral symbol of death, and Cheng, the banished statesman, who opens conversation with "the Divine Confucius" instead of with the weather. The hero is a woman's ideal—the abbot of a lamasery, with blue eyes

that burn and heal. Although he does not know it, he is an Englishman kidnapped in infancy during the Mutiny, when he lost a thumb and came to be mistaken for a lama whose reappearance without one of these members was piously looked for. A conventional novelist would have converted the abbot and married him to the pretty girl who perturbs his asceticism. Attava would have resumed himself in Jack. "The regimental button that hung round his neck" would have persuaded him of his British heritage; he would have swallowed his Buddhism at one or two honest gulps. But Mr. Horniman has his own method, and in spite of some side-slips—if the motorists will still allow critics the use of the term—he achieves a dignified close to a novel which suggests that its author might have made an even more entertaining volume of travel.

FUGITIVE ANNE. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. (John Long. 6s.)

DESCRIBED as a romance and dealing with men and women in their pre-historic innocence. And probably no knight was ever so miraculously chivalrous, and no distressed maid so trusting as the two central figures who wander through the unexplored bush, the one with her body painted black and the other in patch-work garments. If this story faithfully represents the marriage laws of the Australian Commonwealth, and if it be really true that the unhappy wife must resort to such expedients in order to escape the persecutions of a husband, then it must be reasonable to suppose that the bush is full of such fair ladies.

Perhaps it was considerations of this kind that induced Prof. Eric Hansen to enter upon a scientific expedition into the interior of Australia, combining his discoveries of matter with observations of woman in the primitive state. Be that as it may, the fugitive Anne, disguised as suggested and pursued by a relentless husband, meets by chance in the Australian bush the handsome Danish explorer. Their adventures are more or less unique, chaste, but thrilling; there is much talker talker in a language which the intelligent reader will recognise as aboriginal; there are meetings with Red Men, and partings from cannibals; but how the fugitive wife becomes a baroness and a goddess, and is only saved from figuring on a dusky menu by an earthquake and an epilogue: these are things which must be read to be appreciated.

Mrs. Campbell Praed is skilled in rhetorical flourish and has taken immense trouble in elaborating the ground-work and detail of her story.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the Week's Fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

A HUMBLE LOVER. By Miss BERTRAM-EDWARDS.

An East-Anglian story, opening with roast pork and a slight disagreement between a rector and his curate. But we soon get to the love story, which is very prettily played out between William, the plain, and Cosset, the beautiful. "You will never, never leave me?" said William, as Cosset turned to go. . . . "Leave you!" she cried, her voice almost reproachful in its self-assertion; "I could not if I would!" The story has pleasant, humorous passages. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

THE MAGIC OF TO-MORROW. By CYRIL SEYMOUR.

"Being the strange true story of one who claimed foreknowledge of the day that never comes." A cyclist attacked by highwaymen is succoured by one, Azrael Deville, a retired doctor of medicine. With this gentleman

the cyclist makes a compact, and after he had retired to rest the Doctor "approached the lamp, turned it down, and blew out the light. 'At last,' he whispered to himself in the darkness—'at last I have found my fool! What shall I make of him?'" That is the story. (Chatto and Windus.)

THE RED HOUSE.

By E. NESBIT.

"Conventionally, our life-story ended in a shower of rice at the church door, amid the scent of white flowers all about us." But the real story begins six months after, with a quarrel over a shaving brush and Chloe's handkerchief case. A little later comes the Red House, with the many quaint things which happened there. The book mingles fun and sentiment with grace and ease. The conclusion of the whole matter is a baby in a cradle. (Methuen. 6s.)

AUNT BETHIA'S BUTTON.

By JOHN RANDAL.

The button was a pink Balas ruby, and there was much excitement over it. At Gwynneth's wedding, however, it completed the set of three on the bride's dress. There are soldiers and parsons and an orphanage in the story, which moves briskly to its ending by a "rice-strewn porch." "All indeed concerned were the happier for the union of two tender loyal hearts, with the exception of Miss Meddlcott, whose orphanage has been reconstructed upon new lines, which makes the superintendent answerable to a ladies' committee, the head of which is to be the rector's wife." (Methuen. 6s.)

THE GLITTERING ROAD.

By W. A. MACKENZIE.

Concerning the island of Palmetto and how it regained its freedom. A vigorous and melodramatic story, ending with the death of the chief actor. "The organ pealed . . . And then, through a lane of the men of Palmetto holding torches, a lane miles long, went Hector Chisholm Grant to his rest on the highest peak of the Monte, a rare and most royal progress." These lines are amongst those which stand for motto to the book:—

I and Thou, my weary heart,
We will choose the better part,
We will up and take our load
Out upon the Glittering Road.

THE STEEPLE.

By REGINALD TURNER.

A story, sincerely written but not very convincing, of the varieties of religious experience. At the end of the book we read this concerning one of the characters: "There are two traditions: one is, that he is living a simple Mormon life in Salt Lake City; the other, and more generally believed, that he holds a high position in Thibet." Another of the characters was the author of "The Steeple—a Plea for a Larger Church. By a Larger Churchman. Popular edition. Price sixpence." But the Bishop, "handsome still and venerable . . . knows it will have no sale, even at that price." (Greening.)

THE WORLD MASTERS.

By GEORGE GRIFFITH.

A story of cosmopolitan plotting and adventure, with picturesque, but improbable, incidents such as a pitched battle between two armed private yachts in mid-Atlantic. It opens on the Kaiser's birthday in the reception rooms of the German Embassy on the Nevski Prospekt. "Precisely at half-past [ten] a sleigh drawn by three perfectly black Orloff horses swept into the courtyard, and a few minutes later the major-domo passed through the open folding-doors and said, in loud but well-trained tones: 'His Highness the Prince de Condé, Duc de Montpensier! Mademoiselle la Marquise de Montpensier!' The announcement of the once most noble names in Europe instantly hushed the hum of conversation, and all eyes were turned towards the doorway." (John Long.)

THE ACADEMY.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery Lane.

*The ACADEMY will be sent post-free, if prepaid, to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom.**Price for One Issue, Threepence; postage One Halfpenny. Price for 52 issues, Thirteen Shillings; postage free.*

<i>Foreign Rates, for Yearly Subscriptions, prepaid (including postage)</i>	<i>17/6</i>
<i>„ Quarterly</i>	<i>5/0</i>
<i>„ Price for one issue</i>	<i>/5</i>

The Continuity of London.

WITH what strength and faith does London bear the load of two milleniums on her back! London, Londinium, Augusta, Caer Lud, Troynovant—her very names search the caverns of Time and ring back echoes as of hosts that cannot be mustered. Yet to-night the murmur of her wheels, the sighing of her sleeping children, do but transmit to another day the sounds that have linked these names in a symphony of greatness. From centuries of tumult that drug the ear, one turns to Nature to learn endurance of this vast persistence of men. One turns to that River in whose slime the coins of Commodus and the bric-a-brac of colonial Rome are the accretions of yesterday; whose waves, lapping on stone pier and wooden wharf, slewing the barges with every tide, remember between their artificial shores the howl of wolves and the sea-eagle's bitter scream. Still, at night, the police boats must prowl the low banks, closing the tide-gates without which Lambeth and Battersea would drown. Still, the Redriff waterman grows old and weather-bitten at his simple trade. Still, in winter, men shun the river, the sea-gulls return to it. And still as the image of St. Paul's fades from the ruffling stream, the watcher is forewarned of a time when not the mirror but the temple shall be broken, and silence resume her reign with the smile of a goddess that stumbled.

He who runs may read the age of London, but he who reads it in books may run the faster. In Mr. Lethaby's "London Before the Conquest" (Macmillan) you see a scholar's evocation of London's youth, watch his solitaire-play with dates, and listen to his talk as with groping finger he maps the dubious past. What if Besant is brushed aside, and Stow is challenged in his City tomb; what if Stukeley be accused of conjecture, and Loftie of building "a castrum in the air"; what if J. R. Green is sent to school to Roach Smith, and dates and footnotes and capitals vex the lay eye: nothing can belittle or dehumanise this epic past of London.

Indeed a quiet eloquence creeps into Mr. Lethaby's pages, and once at least he performs an eerie dance over the grave of a London which he despairs of re-waking: "For me the old British Solar God lights up the squalor of Billingsgate. The Sea God, Lud, and the brazen horse give more pleasure than the railway bridge at Ludgate. Caesar's sword at Bishopsgate and the head of Bran buried on Tower Hill are real City assets. London is rich in romantic lore. In her cathedral Arthur was crowned and drew the sword from the stone. Here Iseult attended a council called by King Mark. From the quay Ursula and her virgins embarked; Launcelot swam his horse over the river at Westminster, and from it Guinevere went a-maying." And yet the railway bridge at Ludgate is a mouldering antiquity to those who, like Mr. Wells, like all whose imaginations have taken a new flame from science, can look forward, and then backward.

To live in London is to capture the curve of human destiny. For the more we turn the pages of her story

the more does the sense of change become the sense of continuity. "A great burh, Lundanaborg, which is the greatest and most famous of all burhs in the northern lands," croons a saga-man, and to-day the vastness of London is not only a fact, but a burden. Her strength and faith are not shaken, but her grace is gone for a season. Once more she must shed worn-out tissues if she is to recover civic ecstasy. Not since 1666 has the weary Titan been so weary. Then her burnt-sacrifice availed, and the fields fled before her. Then she was too much centre, now she is too much circumference. Then her breath was bad, now her nerves are shaken. An enormous adjustment is in progress, but it is an adjustment that could be matched again and again in her unbroken history. Mr. Lethaby contends that Green was wrong in his view that Saxon London "grew up on ground from which the Roman city had practically disappeared." If no such break occurred, then the only challenge of London's continuity for 2,000 years is silenced. Mr. Lethaby's view is that the Saxons still maintained the Roman houses and streets. "Here a Roman mansion with its mosaic floors would still be inhabited. There a portico would be patched with gathered bricks and covered with shingles, while by its side stood a house of wattle and daub. Here was a Roman basilican church, while in another place would be found one of timber and thatch. . . . Daubers and mudwallers were much in request right through the Middle Age." And if we begin with the present and try back, the same continuity, the same meeting of remote ends, haunts the enterprise. Roman London may be faintly seen in the ordinary aspect of the City streets. In a passage of singular interest Mr. Lethaby says: "A succession of fires slowly raising the surface with layers of debris, gradual encroachments, and the obliteration of open spaces, have modified the old lines in some cases considerably, but still it is certain, I believe, that the general 'squareness' and more or less symmetrical alignment of the Roman city can be traced in the existing streets. A line from the bridge to the north gate must always have formed a great main street, and standing at the bottom of Bridge Street (Fish Street Hill) we may still gain some idea of what the entrance to the City by the Roman bridge was like." So that for nearly two thousand years the wheels have kept that orbit.

There cannot be a doubt that the Roman street system was carried on by the Saxons; and we know that Wren's plans for remodelling the streets after the Great Fire were rejected: hence London remains a vast palimpsest upon which no student can pore without wonder as the unity of the past and present comes slowly into view. You learn to dismiss all strangeness from her story, and to think of it as connected and inevitable romance of progression. Do you stop on London Bridge to watch the oranges passing on a chain of human backs from boat to wharf? Even as your eye runs up the vast funnels of the steamer it alights also on the two primitive eel-boats from Holland that are ever lying off Billingsgate, and already the present and the past are mingled. Up the river comes the whole scent and rumour of the immemorial haven. You think of the eighteenth century sailors sleeping down there in Rotherhithe's leafy churchyard; you think of the Merchant Adventurers and that gallant flotilla which carried Sir Hugh Willoughby, amid flags and cannonades, to "discover regions, dominions, islands, and places unknown"; you think of Chaucer and Whittington; and still the perspective of mast and flag fades away into pictures like this: "dromonds from the Mediterranean, long ships and round ships from the north, and slavers from Rouen and Dublin, with many a splendid war dragon like Olaf Tryggvison's—'Forward on it was a dragon's head, but afterwards a crook fashioned in the end as the tail of a dragon; but either side of the neck and all the stern was overlaid with gold. That ship the King called the Worm, because when the sail was aloft then should

that be as the wings of the dragon.' On the river, as in the streets, we see no disconnected phenomenon, but only the head of an unbroken pageant.

In nearer ways one sees how all the Londons have overlapped. Two hundred years ago men built big square brick houses with wainscotted rooms in which to live a spacious citizen life. To-day these houses are to be found everywhere, in Bloomsbury, in Westminster, in Chelsea, but they are survivals which the time hardly tolerates. They are pulled down when the chance offers, and in their place rises the twentieth-century block of flats in which family is piled on family. It is said that thousands are willingly exchanging house-life in the suburbs for flat-life in the centre. London is too big for comfort; its distances are intolerable to a generation that has succeeded to a county of houses and is asked to find its own locomotion. Thus the old conditions are tending to return, as the palaces, in a new form, are returning to the Strand. London's increase has been horizontal; but it is becoming vertical. We descend to an incredible depth in the clay and gravel to be shot like pellets through a tube in evasion of the press above. We step into a cage and are hoisted from the business level into the dizzy comfort of a fifth floor rather than accept the morning and evening journey to suburbs which have no finality and little charm. The time consumed by the Londoner in going forth to his labour and returning from it in the evening is preposterous.

Already barbarism has begun to reappear, as it always must where there is any considerable violation of comfort. The platform fights on the Underground are a sorry spectacle, and to see a City clerk plant his muddled heel on the handle of a carriage door to keep out supernumerary passengers is to begin the day with a sense of the brutality of the struggle. It is possible to doubt whether London has not, in fact, over-reached herself; whether all that science can do to make locomotion easy over her network of streets must not fall short of reasonable requirements. The "flat" system is the interim answer, and though it may seem a sordid and banal subject it is the system of living which twentieth-century London is inclined to adopt: a thousand years hence historians will describe it. So determined are people to escape transportation to remote suburbs that they will live anywhere, will endure anything, to be housed in the centre. Therefore they rent flats at £100 to £400 a year into which sunshine hardly penetrates. Therefore they will look out on dead walls and unspeakable abysses of brick and dust-shoots if only they may live in the centre. And what we really witness is the enormous breathing and uneasy movements of the London whose life has been continuous for a thousand years and another thousand years. Mr. Lethaby tells us that the Roman level in Thames Street was found at 20 to 25 feet below the modern surface. The tower from which Bow Bells are rung rests on a Roman causeway, and if, as is proposed, London seeks her water from beneath instead of from afar she will bore for it through her own grave.

Endowed with the impulse but not with the genius to grow, London is ever perplexed, ever disunited, and still as her irresistible strength prevails over obstacles she corrects the pride of her citizens by taxing their patience. Yet even their pride may suggest to Londoners the folly of fretting in a City whose reputed founder, Brutus, was the grandson of Aeneas and therefore a descendant of Zeus. We have spoken of two milleniums, but the boldest breed of chroniclers speak of a third, during which London was ruled by seventy-two kings of the Trojan race—"besides some others whose short and insignificant Raigues have left them buried in oblivion."

Art on the Dissecting-Table.

It would be easy enough to laugh at Mr. Stanley Lee's "Lost Art of Reading," published by Messrs. Putnam's Sons. It is too large, and has faults of style. Yet he has something to say; and he is very much in earnest about it. Not anything very original, indeed—it has all, we doubt, been said before; but it is stuff which bears being said often, and nowadays cries to be said often, until, haply, it may even be listened to. Take this (of Boswell) as a sample of his utterances:—

To book-labourers, college-employees, analysis-lands of whatever kind, his book is a standing notice that the prerogative of being immortal is granted by men even to a fool, if he has the grace not to know it. For that matter, even if the fool knows he is a fool, if he cares more about his subject than he cares about not letting any one else know it, he is never forgotten. The world cannot afford to leave such a fool out.

As this passage implies, Mr. Lee is largely concerned to protest against the dominance of cold analysis in modern teaching and writing about literature. You cannot teach boys or youths to understand artistic literature by teaching them callously to anatomise it. Yet that method is tyrannous in America, as publication after publication shows us. Nor in America alone. Mr. Lee cites the astounding contribution to a literary journal from a Head of Department in Chicago University, who (having previously in the same journal rewritten the "Ode to a Grecian Urn") animadverted on the "Ode to a Nightingale." This, it seems, was not worth rewriting. "There is almost nothing in it that properly belongs to the subject treated. The faults of the 'Grecian Urn' are such as the poet himself, under wise criticism, might easily have removed. The faults of the 'Nightingale' are such that they cannot be removed. They inhere in the idea and structure." Mr. Lee proceeds:—

The Head of the Department dwells at length upon the "hopeless fortune of the poem," expressing his regret that it can never be retrieved. After duly analysing what he considers the poem's leading thought, he regrets that a poet like John Keats should go so far, *apropos* of a nightingale, as to sigh in his immortal stanzas "for something which, whatever it may be, is nothing short of a dead drunk."

The Chicago wonder quotes:—

Still wouldst thou sing and I have ears in vain,
To thy high requiem become a clod.

After analysing these lines, he goes on to comment:—

What the fitness is, or what the poetic or other effectiveness of suggesting that the corpse of a person who has ceased upon the midnight still has ears, only to add that it has them in vain, I cannot pretend to understand.

That corpses have ears (by the way) should not be a surprising revelation even to such a Head of a Department. For the close of the "Urn":—

To whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know;

this wooden Head suggested:—

Preaching this wisdom with thy cheerful mien:
Possessing beauty thou possessest all;
Pause at that goal, nor further push thy quest.

For giving further publicity to this egregious "criticism," Mr. Lee assigns the good reason:—

When we find that a mind like this has been placed at the head of a Department of Poetry in a great, representative American university, the last thing that should be done with it is to cover it up. The more people know where the analytical mind is to-day—where it is getting to be—and the more they think what its being there means, the better.

"If Shakespeare came to Chicago" is the title of the chapter in which this occurs. It drives home the lesson that Shakespeare did not become Shakespeare by analysis, and cannot be taught by analysis (though analysis has its use in studying him). What was written with passion cannot be understood or taught without passion, is Mr. Lee's true and necessary message to Americans. That is but a section of what he has to say; but it will suffice as a proof and specimen of the usefulness in this volume. "A bare and trivial book stops with what it says itself. A great book depends now and for ever on what it makes a man say back," he says; and he protests against the teaching in crowds, with its machine-turned product, its suppression of individuality. Reader and writer must learn to "let themselves go." Yet it is assumed that "a little man (that is, a man incapable of great passion) who is not even able to read a book with a great passion in it, can somehow teach other people to read it." It is true that teaching and reading are perishing of over-analysis, that synthetic power grows rarer and rarer. The reader (as Mr. Lee in effect says) who analyses a work of art to learn how to enjoy it, is like a lad who takes his piano to pieces to learn how to play it. He exactly reverses the natural process. Yet so are boys "taught" Shakespeare, with the certain result of never being able to enjoy him. For these and other protests Mr. Lee deserves thanks.

Anatole France on Childhood.

A PORTRAIT of Anatole France represents him in his study, surrounded with richly bound books, holding in his hand and fondly looking at a little statuette, a frail masterpiece of Greek workmanship. There is no better definition of his mind and work, so redolent they are of scholarly culture and artistic refinement. Is it not paradoxical that a writer who seems to stand so far from unadorned nature should have written charming pages on childhood? The psychology of children is not something you learn in college. It is the most unclassical, unliterary thing in the world. But Anatole France, for all his amusing pedantry, is no common bookworm. Were it merely as a lover of books, he knows what a wonderful, invaluable manuscript the soul of a child is. Is not the history of our own origins written there?

"My Friend's Book" ("Le Livre de mon Ami") is supposed to be the work of the author's imaginary friend, Pierre Nozière. Pierre Nozière is very much like Anatole France, and the recollections of his boyish days will explain to us much of France's own mind. He was born "in a fine, somewhat decayed old house . . . facing the Louvre and Tuilleries, close to the Palais-Mazarin, on the embankment of that glorious river, which runs between the towers, turrets and spires of old Paris." Is it possible, he asks, that one should be quite dull and vulgar-minded after being brought up there? His father, who was an anthropologist, had his house crammed with a lot of strange things, "racks of savages' arms, pirogues with their paddles, hanging side by side with stuffed alligators . . . and any number of little skeletons which, I thought, had a most spiteful and malicious look." When he went out for a walk he saw bookstalls and curiosity shops "filled with the most beautiful shapes of art and the most interesting relics of the past." He stared at old prints, or admired a rusty helmet, and the world, past and present, made its first appearance to him through an antiquarian's window. Such surroundings were bound to work upon the boy's imagination. He dreamt at night of the goblins he had seen in Callot's quaint etchings. He longed after distant lands. After gazing at two china-

ware magots, which were perpetually shaking their heads and lolling their tongues, he resolved on going to China. "The difficult point was how to be taken there by my nurse. I was positive that China was lying somewhere beyond the *Arc de Triomphe*. But I never contrived to push on so far."

The swarming of fanciful notions in a child's head, his life in a world of his own, are made the subject of delightful chapters: still more delightful perhaps are those which describe the exquisite delicacy of his feelings. There are a few pages on Pierre Nozière's mother, which are equal to anything. She was a sweet, charming soul, with "the heavenly patience and joyful simplicity which belong to those who have no business in the world but love." What she taught her little boy, it is easier to feel than to explain. She taught him what makes life truly worth living: she gave him immaterial treasures, more valuable than silver and gold. "One day, in the small parlour, she laid aside her embroidery work, and lifted me up in her arms; then, showing me one of the flowers on the wall, she said to me: I give you this rose. And, to make it easily known, she stamped a cross on it with her bodkin. Never did any present make me so happy."

When a boy is six or seven, the interesting chapter of vocations begins. Most boys want to become soldiers or omnibus drivers. But Pierre Nozière was no ordinary boy. As his mother often read to him legends out of the "Lives of the Saints," he thought of gratifying his inordinate yearning for glory by becoming a saint. The tale of his endeavours after holy life is a most entertaining one. He began by refusing to take his breakfast. Then he thought of rivalling St. Simeon Stylites. "I climbed up the small cistern in the kitchen, but I couldn't settle there, for I was quickly ousted by Julie, the cook." His next model was St. Nicholas of Patras, who distributed his wealth among the poor: he threw out of the window some new pennies, his marbles and his top; but his father simply shut the window and called him a stupid boy. Other misadventures followed: he was flogged for tearing open an old armchair in order to make himself a hair-shirt. His conclusion was that "it is very hard to practise holiness when living with one's family," and that the great hermit saints were right when they went to the desert. He thought of building a hut in the Zoo, which, in his opinion, was no less than the Earthly Paradise, where all creatures lived together in peace.

The story of his schooldays has not much in common with that of the average Eton boy. There is little opportunity for games and romps in it. His most wicked pastimes were the rearing of caterpillars in his desk, or the tricks he played with his chum Fontanet's cap. He formed, with the said Fontanet, all sorts of schemes: they tried to manufacture swords and shields "with pasteboard, and pieces of the silver paper in which chocolate is wrapped." They intended to write a History of France "with all the details," in fifty volumes. They swore a feud against some tedious school books, and agreed, in case they should be used in the next form, "to enlist as cabin-boys on board a large ship." Pupils and teachers have given Anatole France fine opportunities of displaying his particular kind of humour, which cannot be compared save with that of Heinrich Heine. It is something very enjoyable, but it cannot be easily defined: just a touch of mockery, without any bitterness in it, something very light and exquisite, which will not make you roar, but just smile.

To his own recollections Pierre Nozière adds a few stories of his baby-girl Suzanne and her little friends. Shall I call them stories? They are rather philosophical essays—the most humorous philosophy you ever heard of. For instance, Guignol, the French Punch, is to Pierre Nozière the subject of deep reflections, which are amusingly contrasted with the little girl's more ingenuous views. A

dreadful battle takes place between Guignol and Old Nick: Old Nick is killed. Nozière thinks it is rather a pity.

The Evil One being dead, good-bye to sin! Perhaps Beauty, Sin's ally, will have to go. Perhaps we shall see no more the flowers that intoxicate and the eyes that bewitch and kill. Then what shall become of us in this world? Will it be even possible for us to be virtuous? It is very doubtful. Guignol did not sufficiently bear in mind that Evil is the necessary counterpart of Good, as the shade is that of the light; that virtue does wholly consist of effort and struggle, and that, if there is no more Devil to fight against, the Elect will remain as idle as the sinners themselves. Life will be mortally dull. I tell you that when he killed Old Nick, Guignol was very unwise indeed.

He is thus musing: but little Suzanne thinks he is sad. She has a notion that people who are thinking must be in trouble.

With gentle pity she takes hold of my hand, and asks me why I am unhappy. I own that I am sorry Guignol has killed Old Nick. Then she puts her little arms round my neck, and, bringing her mouth close to my ear: "I'll tell you something: Guignol, he has killed the nigger, but he has not killed him for good."

Some strict Puritans may think that Anatole France's views on the Evil One are most dangerous. I do not pretend to say that "*Le Livre de mon Ami*" can be a substitute for the "*Pilgrim's Progress*." But the Attic style, the delicate feeling, and the light humour make it delicious reading. Perhaps the ordinary English reader would not care so much for "*M. Bergeret*" or "*La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque*" which are very unconventional and French in the extreme. But "*My Friend's Book*" would certainly rank among masterpieces in any country—as some of the small statuettes, of which Anatole France is fond, can, by their perfect shape, rival the great works which made the Hellenic chisel famous.

PAUL MANTOUX.

Impressions.

XVIII.—Companions.

THEY were strangers, and because they were strangers, who would pass on the morrow, from that refuge in the hills, their several ways, they talked of intimate things which must not be set down here. But in the end one related an experience that evolved naturally from their confidences; the second did likewise, and the third.

The first, who was a traveller, said: "It's the world outside experience that possesses me when I am alone. Here is my case! As far back as I can remember, a certain figure has appeared to me in my dreams—a man, twice life-size, clothed in skins, which flapped as he moved. I always knew when he was approaching, and he never frightened me. As a child I regarded him as a kind of nurse, later in life as a companion. If the room was dark when I awoke I could see him just the same. Even if my eyes were closed I could see him by means of the light that gleamed behind my eyeballs in those moments. I called him, 'My Old Man of the Woods,' or 'The Beckoner,' for although his arms were still, his eyes seemed always to be calling me away somewhere. He never appeared when I was about to make a journey, only when I was languid, and inclined to stay at home and be comfortable. So vivid did this apparition become in after life that I made a drawing of it. A year ago—I know you will find this hardly credible—I went by invitation to a man's house in Bayswater. He had been stationed at some place in Africa—I think it was Gogo—and he had brought back with him a lot of photographs. He had

turned the pictures in his room to the wall and pinned the photographs on their backs. One of them—I saw it the moment I entered the room—was an enlarged photograph of a tribal god. It was exactly like the drawing I had made of my Beckoner. Oh, no, he didn't think it strange!"

The second, who was a philosopher, said: "My most persistent dream has been in the nature of a performance, a happening in which I had no lot, but which had for me a very real significance. The vision was always in two parts. In the foreground were a number of restless figures, clothed in bright colours, and doing all manner of odd and fantastic things. What they were doing I could never quite understand, for my attention was always concentrated on the veiled figure at the back. It was there before the others began: it remained after they had finished, turning, always turning slowly, never tiring, never revolving quicker at one time than another. It was like Eternity—a changeless but constantly moving background to those ever-shifting figures that played their brief games against its continuity. Some time ago, I saw a performance of Arab tumblers and jugglers. Before they began, a curtain was withdrawn from the back of the stage, disclosing a veiled figure turning slowly just like the figure in my dream—unmoved, uninterested, detached, just going on in that endless movement. The jugglers and tumblers finished their performance, that veiled figure continued. And when the curtain fell it was still turning."

The third, who was a writer, said: "Mine has been a presence, a sensation rather than a figure. It has come to me at all times, but never in my sleep. All my life I have longed for it, but the appearances of this shadowy companion have been infrequent. Whatever of good there has been in my work has come from that companionship—brief, sudden, wordless, have been those visits—and gone before I realised that a new idea, or a ray of clearing light has been flashed at me from something that was not myself. So sure have I been of this, that sometimes when a friend has praised a poem or an essay of mine, I have answered: 'I did not do it. Something outside me spoke, and I heard.' As I grew older these communications became kindlier, less disturbing as it were. They do not now generally take the form of ideas: they are rather explanatory, and bring with them a sense of consolation. And the years have brought me this knowledge: that it depends on myself, on the self-discipline of the day or week whether the visits of this companion shall be frequent or infrequent. It is always ready to give, I am not always ready to receive; but this unseen companion is always near—waiting. I am as sure of that as of my own identity."

Drama.

Gallic Salt.

I HAVE an impression that "*A Snug Little Kingdom*" owes its existence to the success of "*Mice and Men*," and that Mr. Mark Ambient was impelled to write it by a belief that the London public, wearied alike of psychology and epigram, of cup and dagger romance and of problem plays, was veering round once more to the gentle breezes of mid-Victorian sentimentality. If so, I think he was sanguine. In the present chaos of the drama, the favour of the public appears to be governed by no calculable laws whatever, not even by that rhythm of fashion which undoubtedly affects other forms of literature, but rather by the casual conjunction of blind accidents, amongst which the personal fascination of this or that individual mime is probably the most important. However this may be, the initial conception of "*A Snug Little Kingdom*"—

the title is from that inveterate sentimentalist, Thackeray—is one that might have suggested itself to the late Mr. Robertson or to Mr. Pinero in his salad days, although either writer, it must be added, would have both carpentered and phrased the piece infinitely better. It is familiar enough, the garret up four pair of stairs, in which Bernard Gray, the young musical composer of genius, lives upon bread and butter and bloater paste, pawns his fiddle, ruefully contemplates his empty coal-box, and is indebted for a roof over his head to the "way with him" that conquers the susceptibilities of his much marrying landlady. One of Bernard's music-hall songs has got, to his huge delight, upon the barrel-organs, but his opera, "The Kingdom of Love," has been returned to him with a managerial suggestion that it would be much improved by "a sprinkling of Gallic salt," and Gallic salt is just what Bernard, in the true spirit of a mid-Victorian hero, would sooner die than sprinkle. There is a further complication in Dolly, who lives, almost equally penniless, in the rooms below, and whose informal guardian Bernard has constituted himself since the eventful night when a whisky-party was broken in upon by the intimation that Dolly's mother was lying upon Dolly's nightgown to keep it warm, and had left a message for Dolly not to wake her, but that Dolly couldn't get at the nightgown and that her mother was quite cold. This is the night, seven years ago, that Dolly's mother died, and they are all rather sad about it. Is it surprising to hear that Dolly's young affections have fixed themselves upon Bernard, who calls her his "little pal," and who only discovers that she is not a "little pal" at all, when he learns that his brother Hubert, an extremely fatuous young doctor, wants to marry her? The position is an awkward one, both financially and emotionally. But the *deus ex machina* is at hand in Mr. Ben Kershaw, of Huddersfield, the inventor and proprietor of Kershaw's Sauce, a patient of brother Hubert's, whom he brings to visit the garret. Bernard wins his confidence by telling him, with quite uncalled-for insolence as I thought, that his gold cannot buy everything. "I like you, m' lad," says the Yorkshireman, and proceeds, as they did in the mid-Victorian period, to relate the struggles and the secret sorrow of his life. Mr. Kershaw's wife had been an actress, and had left her home because her husband forbade her to continue on the stage. It is soon apparent to the audience, and even to Bernard, that his wife was no other than Dolly's dead mother. Presently Dolly enters: Mr. Kershaw is struck by the likeness to his lost Margaret, questions the girl, hears the harrowing tale of the nightgown and of Dolly's contempt for the father she has never known, defers the revelation until she shall have learnt to love him, buys the opera, places the girl's hand in that of the young man, and fills the whole garret with an atmosphere of benevolence, slightly flavoured with the famous sauce.

This is what Mr. Ambient would have us take for "a simple human tale of laughter and tears." The laughter I grant, although I am sorry to say that in my case it invariably came just when Mr. Ambient asked most pointedly for tears. But the simplicity and the humanity I utterly deny. The play is not simple, for it all turns upon the monstrously artificial coincidence which brings the father and daughter unexpectedly together; it is not human, because none of the characters make the slightest attempt to behave as recognisable human creatures actually do behave. Life in a garret is not like this: there are no such Yorkshire manufacturers. The fact is that Mr. Ambient is not transcribing from nature at all. He is merely perpetuating a debased literary tradition which ultimately, I suppose, may be traced back to the romantic fancy of Dickens. And this particular unreality has long become impossible for anyone who cares for a genuine literary presentment of life, or desires emotion really translated into terms of art. As Mrs. Meynell says of a cognate type of humour which we also owe to Dickens,

it is a vulgarity which "was not able to survive an increased commerce of manners and letters with France." There is a wholesome phrase to put side by side with Mr. Ambient's silly sneer about "Gallic salt."

And yet—as I stuffed my handkerchief into my mouth to prevent an indecently loud cackle at the passage about the nightgown, I became aware that quite a number of people all round me were using their handkerchiefs for a very different purpose. Obviously in their case, but not in mine, "A Snug Little Kingdom" had fulfilled one of the essential functions of all art, and particularly of dramatic art, the transference of emotion from the artist to the spectator. I hope that I am not more insensitive to the pathos of orphanhood or the tragedy of remorse than my neighbours. But clearly, when it is not immediate life, but the artistic presentment of life that is in question, there are some of us to whom the falsehood of the setting makes the emotion itself unreal and impossible, and there are others whom such considerations do not affect or divert from the sympathetic human issue. Who, then, has the better part? Is it we who follow a will o' the wisp of aestheticism and lose our birthright of humanity? Or is it they who waste away their souls in cheap sorrows and futile ecstasies because they have not purged their eyes with euphrasy and entered into the renuncements and the austere delights of the initiate? And the greater artist—must his appeal be to the many or inevitably to the few? Are we to look for him in a Henry James or a Joseph Conrad, or in those whom, borrowing Mr. W. L. Courtney's happy phrase, we may typify as the Manxman and the Minx-woman? The answer to such questions as these must, I think, be the beginning of any philosophy of criticism.

E. K. CHAMBERS.

Art.

Two Types.

"Oil painting with the brush is a thing of the past. It is dead, quite dead." Thus speaks the ingenious, prolific and energetic Monsieur Raffielli, who has been so far successful with his new solid oil paints that a collection of pictures produced with the aid of his sticks of colour are being exhibited at the Holland Gallery, in Grafton Street. "Be it understood, oil painting with the brush—which henceforth we no longer need—has lost its *raison d'être*." Monsieur Raffielli, you will observe, has no doubts: his hand is quick, his temperament is sanguine. He would deliver a commission, I am sure, to the hour, pleased with it, prepared to defend it, untroubled by that malady that sometimes afflicts the artist—self-distrust. It is agreeable to think of him successful, at ease, gaily turning out bright pictures, impressing his personality on the world. He is a type.

The late Alfred Stevens was also a type, but as far removed from Raffielli as Raphael is from Mr. Dudley Hardy. "Stevens produced few pictures, owing to his habit of destroying his own work." What an insight into his temperament that bald statement from his biography gives. He was a lonely, brooding man who denied himself pleasures, and suffered friends to fall out of his life for the sake of his art. Thorough he was to his own hurt. Two years was the time given to him to complete the full-size model of the Wellington Memorial: seven years passed before the model was complete—seven years and the work itself not yet begun. It is still incomplete.

Stevens died in 1875, paralysed, worn out by chagrin and disappointment, little thinking that twenty-eight years later his personality and his last work would be the paramount subject of discussion in art circles for weeks

together. Little did he guess in the last badgered, clouded years of his life, that on February 2, 1903, the President of the Royal Academy, in a letter to the "Times," should endorse the statement: "The Wellington monument is by consent the finest piece of monumental sculpture ever produced by an Englishman," and add, "by any artist of modern times." Indeed, the unanimity of opinion about the excellence of the Wellington monument is remarkable. Why, then, these columns of letters and articles that have been written, not only during the past weeks, but any time in the past quarter of a century? Go into St. Paul's Cathedral and look at Stevens's Wellington monument. The design leads up to something that is not there: it is like a figure without a head, a church without a spire. The explanation is that in Stevens's design the monument was to be surmounted by an equestrian statue of the Duke; but he reckoned without the late Dean Milman. The equestrian statue has never crowned the monument, although Stevens had left a sketch model for it, because Dean Milman said that he would not allow the Duke or any other soldier to come riding into the Cathedral: more, not liking the monument overmuch, Dean Milman hid it away in a dark side chapel. Then silence for some years. Nobody hung wreaths on the little lions sejant on the dwarf posts in front of the British Museum railings. They, too, are gone now.

For long the Wellington monument rested undisturbed in the dark side chapel. Perhaps some who peered in, and deciphered the name, murmured a few lines from the great Ode, that stirs, as the monument will never stir—murmured, say, "All is over and done: Render thanks to the Giver, England, for thy son," or, "And in the vast cathedral leave him, God accept him, Christ receive him." The years passed till there came a day when Lord Leighton, always active to right a wrong, or to serve the cause of art, busied himself to persuade the Government to provide funds to remove and complete the memorial. The Government were obdurate, but private subscriptions rewarded Lord Leighton's eloquence, and he was successful in persuading the Cathedral authorities to remove the monument to its present position, under one of the arches of the nave. Then again silence.

It was private enterprise that brought about the hullabaloo of the past few months. Working quietly, a body of enthusiasts, of whom Mr. D. S. MacColl, supported by the "Saturday Review," is spokesman, raised the money for the completion of the monument, chose a sculptor, Mr. John Tweed, to produce the equestrian figure from a sketch model left by Stevens, and, vital fact, obtained the sanction of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's. It looked as if there would be a happy termination to their cloistral labours, but "Black and White" published a drawing showing Mr. Tweed at work upon the equestrian figure. Then Mr. Tweed found himself the most discussed sculptor of the day, and pens began to write at incredible length about the work that broke the heart of that quiet man—Alfred Stevens. The reason was—who would have thought it?—that while the committee of enthusiasts were silently advancing their plans step by step, Sir Edward Poynter, President of the Royal Academy, was secretly planning to carry out the good work begun by his predecessor, Lord Leighton. The sympathy and co-operation of Lord Roberts had been enlisted, Mr. Balfour had been approached, and had promised that the sum of £2,000 should be placed upon the year's estimates. The President of the Royal Academy was beginning, no doubt, to feel justifiably proud of the success of his labours when he learnt that an art critic whose views are not academic, who exhibits temperamental impressions at the New English Art Club, had also been instrumental in collecting another £2,000; that a sculptor, who is a pupil of Rodin and not a member of the Royal Academy, had been commissioned to complete the memorial, and that the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's had given their consent.

There, at the time of writing, the matter rests—rests, I imagine, with the Dean and Chapter. Unless they rescind their permission and the commission, which is not likely, Mr. Tweed will complete the design. The wordy battle is still raging in the columns of the "Times" and elsewhere, and the great public, as is usual in this country, is quite indifferent. I spent an hour in St. Paul's Cathedral the other afternoon, and during that time not one of those present so much as cast a glance at the monument to Wellington.

Sombre, mysterious in the half-lights of the winter afternoon, looks this memorial of Stevens's labour. He desired no short road to success, and one wonders what he would have thought of Monsieur Raffaelli's invention which, whatever be its fate, "saves trouble," inasmuch as it does away with brushes, palette, and the paraphernalia of oil painting. All the operator needs is a certain number of these sticks of colour (there are two hundred to choose from) and a canvas. When the sticks of solid oil colour, "unctuous and soft," have done their work on canvas or paper, and the painting is dry, it may be left dull, or varnished with any sort of picture varnish you happen to prefer. "One should be able to paint as quickly as one thinks," says Monsieur Raffaelli. "My invention abolishes all the little annoyances of one's work." Well, this invention may have attractions for the amateur, but I cannot think that the serious painter desires to avoid annoyances and difficulties, but rather to grapple with them. The road to a great achievement is not by the easiest paths. The pictures at the Holland Fire Art Gallery, produced by means of these sticks, have just that facile, superficial air that the pictures, say, by Wilson and Cotman at Burlington House, painted in the old "long, arduous, fastidious, painful, and complicated way" have not. If Monsieur Raffaelli's invention be seriously taken up by painters, it will mean an enormous increase in the production of pictures. To the present exhibition Monsieur Raffaelli sends ten. There they are, bright as a gleam of sun on an April day—finished, shrill, slight, ready for the market.

Monsieur Raffaelli is a type; another type was Alfred Stevens, who produced few pictures "owing to his habit of destroying his own work."

C. L. H.

Science.

The Living Cell.

It is well to begin at the beginning: and for us, who are many-celled organisms, that beginning is the living cell. It is the cardinal platitude of biology that the cell is the unit of life; and, as such, its origin, immediate and primeval, its structure, its needs and its life-history, are the most interesting and the most sublime problems conceived or conceivable by science. Of first causes, it is true, science has some word, and of the origin, let us say, of solar or stellar systems; but the mind that postulates first causes or that formulates a nebular hypothesis is an expression of the highest development of cell-activity, and is manifested in a "form divine" itself developed from a single cell. When, therefore, a few observers, who should have remained such and should not have attempted to reason, are propounding one or another form of a heresy which seeks to question the supremacy of the cell; when a parallel to a growing cell is sought in a "growing" crystal—(it might as well be sought in a rolling snowball)—it is necessary to re-affirm that supremacy, even at the risk of platitude. It may, therefore, be asserted that, since the doctrine of spontaneous generation was finally exploded, no fact has come to light or theory been propounded that

has done other than make doubly sure our assurance of the remote supremacy of the living cell.

What, then, is this consummation of the material universe—this, which may, in one form, become a Shakespeare or, in another, so similar yet so incalculably different, turn our morning milk sour, and yet which is essentially always the same? You may study it in a thousand forms. If your realm of thought be "the proper study of mankind," in your fellow-man you study the cell. If those beings whose life need have no period, the immortal trees, attract you, in the oak or the acorn you study the cell. Under the microscope, magnifying, how inadequately, 1,500 or 2,000 diameters, you shall detect no particular difference between the corpse of the cell that would have been a man or of the cell that would have been an oak. Be your fancy more bizarre, you may study the cell in that accursed plant, one-fourthousandth of an inch in length, the tubercle bacillus, which sends down into the grave one in seven of the human race. Or you may prefer the study of one of your own guardians, the white corpuscles of the blood, and in these living entities, ten thousand to the cubic millimetre of that so-called "fluid," you shall find all the characters of a cell indistinguishable from the common *Amœba*, which is only one cell from first to last.

There is a would-be modern tendency—something "really up-to-date"—to believe that there is now no such thing as scientific dogma; that the more we learn the less we know; that we are sure of nothing and never shall be. Fortunately facts remain facts, with the peculiar property that they are independent of what may be thought of them; and logical processes are valid in despite of time or space or minds to which they are but as an idle tale. It may be asserted as a proven and irrefutable scientific fact, as certain as gravitation or the law of the conservation of matter, that every living cell on the earth at this moment, whether plant or animal, whether living alone or a member of a complex community, was derived from a pre-existing cell. *Omnis cellula e cellula* was the simplified and final form given last century by the great Virchow to the dogma propounded by his English predecessor Hunter in the phrase, *omne vivum ex ovo*. Every living thing is from an egg; and every living thing (that is to say, every cell or collection of cells) is from a pre-existing cell.

Carlyle somewhere says that "Every man is at heart a proselytiser," and I confess to a whole-hearted zeal in asserting a doctrine so cardinal, so significant, so certain, so universal, so absolute. The tremendous deduction, raising problems incredibly beyond speculation, must be faced. Life had a beginning on this planet, and that beginning was once and for all. How, no one has as yet begun to tell us. Why "this vital putrescence of the dust," as Stevenson has it, we cannot tell. But, at this late day, at any rate, no further increment, no infusion of new blood, no fresh start is possible. We must make the best of what we have. That we are doing so is my optimist belief.

But these are transcendent issues. Let us examine the features of this unit of life. It is a little mass of matter, with or without a definite boundary, and it contains a denser speck called the nucleus—that is all. Sizes and shapes vary. The nerve whereby one is painfully aware of a corn, which controls the growth of a toe-nail, is the direct prolongation and continuation of a cell just outside the spinal cord more than three feet away; but the little mass and the central speck are the essential rude anatomy even of this so highly differentiated cell. The nucleus is a net-like structure which is the governor of the cell. Of the destinies of the whole—such destinies, they may be—the nucleus is the arbiter. It initiates every cell-division, and controls, in higher organisms, every cell-differentiation. Conceive, if you can, the complexity and power of the nucleus of the original cell from which each of us was developed. The

entire cell consists of a substance called protoplasm, which is the physical basis of life. Protoplasm, or living matter in its lowest terms, contains, invariably and necessarily, six elements: carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, sulphur and phosphorus. The phosphorus is found within the nucleus, and is characteristic of the "nucleo-proteids" of which the nucleus is composed. The complexity of the molecular constitution of protoplasm is beyond conception, as is the invisible structure of the cell itself. The cell, or the protoplasm of which it is composed, performs, needless to say, the same functions as we do, or as the Cedars of Lebanon did in the days of Solomon and do to-day. It breathes, of course. That is to say, it takes in Oxygen (O_2), combines it with carbon (C) and gives out carbonic acid (CO_2). In other words, it burns. Necessarily, therefore, it is combustible; as are our many-celled bodies; as is also our food, which consists of the bodies of plants or animals defunct. The cell must burn, must breathe. That is an absolute condition of its life; applicable universally—to the *bacillus tuberculosis*, to the germ of a man, or to the man himself. And, since it develops and grows and burns, it must have fuel; or food as we call it. This food, like ours, must contain the six elements of which the cell is composed, as well as some others, such as chlorine, contained in common salt, the chloride of sodium. The plant cell takes up these elements in very simple forms and builds them into exceedingly complex bodies known as proteids or, less accurately, as albumins, and into starches and sugars. The animal cell cannot effect this synthesis; and here is the essential distinction (one of chemical power) between the two. Since from the proteids it replenishes and regenerates its constantly burning protoplasm, the animal cell must, therefore, utilize the plant-cell for its food. Hence it is that without plant life animal life cannot be. And as the plant-cell's power of building up these complex substances depends directly upon the sun, we recognize in him a necessary of all life, vegetable or animal. But the Cell is still supreme. The sun himself cannot think. The cells of the grey surface of the human brain can conceive of a Cause of the sun. The living cell stands to-day where it ever has stood; before its attributes, the mystery of which, though now well defined, is as yet unsolved, the "intelligible stars" and the inanimate nebulae still pale their ineffectual fires.

C. W. SALEEBY.

Correspondence.

Spadework.

SIR,—I do not think it can be said that, as your "Spadework" article tells us, "Letters were born in Crete." The discoveries of the American Expedition to Babylonia show that writing was in common use in that country at least as early as 6,000 B.C., or two millennia before the date you assign to the evolution of letters on Cretan soil. This writing was carried on by conventional signs developed from pictographs or hieroglyphs, and required only small modification to become the well-known cuneiform characters. These last are in every sense letters, although they represent not single sounds as do those of our alphabet, but syllables. The same may be said of the Cypriote, and, so far as can yet be judged, of the Cretan script.—Yours, &c.,

F. LEGGE.

[When we said "letters" we meant literally letters, as part of our first paragraph—"the alphabet was evolved in Crete"—sufficiently shows. The advance from a syllabary to an alphabet—what we have termed "the evolution of letters"—seems to have taken some thousands of years in Crete, and no wonder; the step to a method so fluid, so

nervous, and so plastic, as the actual letter was of almost incalculable value and difficulty. The Cretans seem to have begun where the Babylonians and others left off. The cuneiform method, which is surely even older than Mr. Legge suggests, had already reached its inherent limitations. The Cretans accomplished an advance, or all but the last step of it, which is comparable to the vast gulf that separates the Chinese so-called "alphabet" of to-day from our own—the abandonment of the immobile and fossilized for the plastic and organic.]

"The Veil of the Temple."

SIR,—Adventurous criticism is always fascinating. Though I have seen no conjectures on the subject, may I point out the resemblance between the opening chapters of "The Veil of the Temple" now appearing anonymously in the pages of the "Monthly Review," and "The New Republic" by Mr. W. H. Mallock?—Yours, &c.,

E. R. NOBLE.

Wanted a Word.

SIR,—In your issue of the 17th January, your correspondent "Cataloguer" suggests some words that "might be used" to express the correlative antithesis of sequel, but he rejects them because he "cannot bring to mind any precedent." Of the words suggested, prelude seems to me to be the least objectionable, and we have at least one precedent for such usage in Whewell: "The cause is more than the prelude, the effect is more than the sequel, of the fact." In Addison too we find: "The last Georgic was a good prelude to the Æneis." No doubt the sense in these cases, especially in the second, is slightly different from what is wanted by your correspondent. I fear we have not hitherto been in the way of employing such a term, consequently usage, the great arbiter in such cases, has not been able to authorise any.

If we must coin a word perhaps "prelusion" might be allowable in view of the strong claims of prelude; or would "precess" be preferable? This word has as much right to arise from its verb as the analogous formations access, excess, process, success, &c.—Yours, &c.,

D. CAMERON MACKAY.

Dornie, by Stromeferry.

Tolstoy's "Resurrection."

SIR,—The "Athenæum" published a letter, on the 23rd January, stating that: "To those who knew St. Petersburg at the date suggested it is clear . . . that Tolstoy has forgotten the person meant by his own note, and that Lord Radstock was in his mind."

I happen to have by me a letter, received from Tolstoy when the "Revised Edition" of my wife's translation of "Resurrection" was in preparation, in which he says: "I named the preacher Kiesewetter, because I took the type from X——, a German who preaches in English." The Evangelical revivalist preacher with a German name mentioned by Tolstoy, is a gentleman who has had much success in Russia, and though I do not wish to publish his name I send it, herewith, for your private information, and in proof that it is *not* Lord Radstock.

The statement made in the "Athenæum" calls for correction, and as the correspondence concerning "Resurrection" in that paper has now been closed, I venture to address this letter to you.—Yours, &c.,

Great Baddow, Chelmsford.

AYLMER MAUDE.

Half-forgotten Books.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Bookworm" remarks in the ACADEMY of 31st January that the particulars he has seen of the above series "do not, so far, impress one with a sense of novelty in the choice of the books to be reissued." May I be allowed to point out that Messrs. Routledge and Sons were induced to undertake this series of reprints by urgent requests from many quarters, more particularly from booksellers and librarians, who are surely the right people to know if a book is wanted and if it is unobtainable? The "Library World" some time ago called attention to the fact that many works "which have taken a recognised place in English literature, as well as others which have . . . been enshrined in the catalogues of hundreds of public and other library catalogues," cannot be repurchased as the old copies become worn out. As a librarian, I can bear witness to this. To get even a badly worn, second-hand copy of most of the twenty-five books announced as the first instalment of the new series, entails a good deal of advertising, if it can be got at all. Most of these books have been out of print for many years; the reprints mentioned have been exhausted long ago; and the sixpenny editions that "The Bookworm" alludes to are, of course, quite unsuitable for libraries, and not worth considering.

The "Library World" has published lists of books reported by librarians as out of print, and I notice that two consecutive lists contained together about three hundred books. From these and other lists of suggestions a careful choice has been made of the books that seem most worthy of being recalled to life, whether they have been out of print for five, fifty, or a hundred years; and their re-issue in a presentable form and at a low price will no doubt be a public service.—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST A. BAKER,

Editor of "Half-forgotten Books."

101, Walbrook Road, Derby.

Mr. Ashton's Recreations.

SIR,—The February number of "Temple Bar" contains an interesting article on "The Recreations of Distinguished People," written by a gentleman named Charles I. Graham. In it the writer, intermixed with sundry spicy remarks of his own, gives a list of curious and remarkable recreations which he has culled from that most excellent biographical annual "Who's Who"; but whether by a strange oversight, or for some other reason, the writer of the article in question entirely omits to mention my own recreations, which is all the more surprising, as some of these recreations are perhaps the most singular of any. Here they are, copied word for word from the 1903 edition of "Who's Who": "Recreations: Writing letters to the Press on various subjects, of which nearly 500 have already appeared; visiting the tombs of famous personages (was the indirect means of restoring many noteworthy resting-places); looking at ancient and memorable buildings; reading newspapers (English and German); listening to the debates in the House of Commons and at Cogers' Hall, of which he is one of the three trustees); playing draughts."—Yours, &c.,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

44, Hamilton Gardens, N.W.

"Wisdom While You Wait."

SIR,—Many of your readers will be glad to know that that very amusing brochure, "Wisdom While You Wait," which was printed and privately circulated at the close of last year, is about to be issued by Messrs. Isbister & Co.—Yours, &c.,

SUBSCRIBER TO THE E.B.

Our Weekly Competition.

Result of No. 176 (New Series).

Last week we offered a prize of One Guinea for the best description, not to exceed 250 words, of "My Favourite Piece of Sculpture." Thirty-three replies have been received. We award the prize to Miss Edith Rickert, 31, Clevedon Mansions, Parliament Hill, N.W., for the following:—

LA FEMME INCONNUE.

Here is a strange little face, not Greek in its beauty, nor having the glory of mediæval sainthood. Yet in the presence of this fifteenth century Italian woman, few are they that escape looking crude, commonplace, stupid, even brutal. The veiled hair—its simplicity almost more exquisite to the touch than to the sight—the shadowed forehead, the half-closed eyes, the lightly-poised smile that comes and flits away in one's imagination, the delicate, inflexible chin, the slender throat at once stately and dimpled—all these belong to a beauty that is a stranger to all laws save its own. Something akin to Monna Lisa is this unknown woman, so innocently complex, so seriously mysterious. There is no virtue in her face, no vice even, least of all passion; but, although a blind man's fingers might dwell caressingly on its soft chiselling of feature and find nothing more, to one who sees, this delicate perfection of outline sheathes a marvellous soul-power, ready to leap forth from the eyes in splendour of pride and will, to unveil a dauntless forehead, to set the lips in cruelty, perhaps in treachery, or enchant them with infinite witcheries of love.

We have lost her name; but her unknown sculptor has made her a type of the harmony of the potentialities of the soul.

Other replies follow:—

THE SIEGE OF CALAIS.

In these days of the fifteen-minute masterpiece in solid oils, it is not surprising that the living granite of the Egyptian, or the quarried marble of the Greek, should be somewhat neglected.

Long ago, perfection of form was hewn from stone; but from that gallery of gods, only a god could select a favourite.

I first saw my favourite piece of sculpture two years ago: a figure from Rodin's group to commemorate the siege of Calais. I had not seen his work before, and I began my love for it by hating what I considered its brutality.

The weird outline of this self-condemned figure fascinated me. The sunken eyes, famished cheeks, and the hollow chest first appeared to me to be over-contrasted with the muscular hands and legs. That moment of heroic humiliation is crystallized here when six chief citizens, clothed in sheets, and with halters about their necks, walked from the besieged city to deliver the keys to the English King. These stubbornly placed feet and the compressed lips are eloquent of the tenseness of the hidden heart. The "Citizen" is rugged and magnificent, and no sand-paper sculptor could have depicted him. Rodin has made one of the hands twist the levers from the stock of the gigantic key which he holds, and so gives a boldly subtle impetus to the emotional effect.

In the historic scene was something of the grotesque, the heroic, the haunting, and Auguste Rodin has conjured up the scene

[D. S. M., Glasgow.]

"FEAR."

My favourite piece of sculpture is a female figure of "Fear," fleeing in a fluttering and wind-swept fashion along a platform of glistening, blue-veined marble. The pressure of wind accentuates the nipples of her breasts, the left knee is prominent and nervously aggressive, and the pads of her toes flat with energy—the whole figure, in fact, rich with the eloquence of arrested movement. Her mantle flutters behind "like a petrified hurricane," and her eyes are cast fearfully over her left shoulder. When I look at the craven fear in those eyes, and the contemptible triangular lines from the bottom of her nose to the corners of her drooping mouth, I feel stronger, braver, and wholly disgusted with "Fear." That is why it is my favourite piece of sculpture. In it, the unknown craftsman achieves, to my thinking, the highest mission of art. He makes me feel, and his work is effective.

[H. M., London.]

THE SLEEPING ARIADNE.

The sight of beautiful limbs at rest in deep sleep may sometimes bring to the tired eyes of the beholder a sensation of repose. It is with such quieting of the brain and senses that I gaze on the marble form of Ariadne, who sleeps eternally in the great hall of the Vatican. She reclines in large-limbed grace, the lovely curves wrapt round in drapery of cunning beauty, her crossed feet suggesting the abandonment of heavy sleep. She sleeps for very weariness, poor Ariadne! forsaken by the lover who, but for her gift of the golden thread, had perished in the Labyrinth of Minotaurus. Has she wept till the tears would no longer flow? Has she strained longing eyes for the lover who came not, while day faded into night, and Morpheus gently

closed the unwilling eyelids? We cannot answer, for Ariadne's story is wrapt in oblivion.

If Theseus came and touched those heavy lids, and pressed soft lips to hers, I know how Ariadne would lift her lovely head while the round arms would clasp the wanderer, and the folded limbs tremble joyously to life. But false Theseus will never return to wake her. So let us too leave Ariadne to her age-long slumber, and only, now and then, when the roar and din of the world oppresses heart and brain, go seek repose in contemplation of this work of an old-time master.

[D. R. S., London.]

ATHENE.

In one of the museums of Greece, there exists to-day an ancient bas-relief, discovered only within the last fifteen or twenty years, which represents a standing figure of Athene. The type is archaic, or at least archaistic, and the spirit of the conception is curiously unlike that which characterises the work of later Greek sculptors. For instead of the calm triumphant beauty which is so distinguishing a mark of the work of Phedias and Praxiteles, you have here an Athene who is pensive, melancholy, one might almost say humble. With bent head, she leans upon her spear, as though listening sadly to the plaints of a world whose woes she cannot heal. "Not Zeus himself escapes the fated thing," says Prometheus; and so this Athene, so unpagan in her attitude of resignation and humility, seems to bow before a will uncomprehended but divine.

I know her only from a photograph, yet it gives me more pleasure to look at this, and wonder what were the thoughts of him who made her, than to gaze at the splendid contours of the Venus of Milo, set proudly against her crimson background in the Louvre.

[A. M. B., Godalming.]

LA BELLE HEAUMIÈRE.

When we stand for the first time before La Belle Heaumière, Rodin's interpretation of Villon's ballad "The Complaint of the Armourer's Daughter," we are shaken to the very roots of our being. An instant before life was a dull, flat level, a stagnant thing which the astounding force and energy of La Belle Heaumière has struck through like forked lightning. When we regain ourselves, after that vivid moment, we no longer see the force and the energy; they have given birth to a marvellous beauty which makes itself felt in every detail. The superb pose of despair which is further expressed so poignantly in that wide open hand, in which every finger is rigid with the agony of loss, and in that small bowed head, with the still exquisitely pure outline of the features in strange contrast with the sunken hollows of the body. In La Belle Heaumière the beauty of ruin is a greater beauty to me than any beauty of perfection. We see in this magnificent decay the trace of every passion and ecstasy, of every violence and debasement, and it is this which almost actually grips us by the throat as we realise.

[J. D., London.]

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

It is the Dying Gladiator, or better perhaps the Dying Gaul. I like to think of it as the former, and presently there rises unbidden a dim background of straining faces which gaze down with lessening interest on an ending fight. Past all caring for their plaudits or the wavering verdict of their thumbs, he seems to be looking at the sand, as into a magic crystal, with something of perplexity, or it may be of piteous protest in his frown—the protest of some dumb animal against its tormentor, for here the unlettered barbarian has clashed against the polished brutality of Rome.

The tense muscles, born of a life which depended on their alertness for its continuance, are beginning to slacken, and the body, with a certain grace that seems only to belong to immense strength, bends lower to the earth, waiting the final struggle wherein shall break away the spirit, unrecognised in life, but now slowly waking to a knowledge of itself.

The hair, growing low on the neck, adds yet one other touch of pathos, bringing back the dumb complaining of the brows, and there comes a great pity for him as he silently waits the coming of the cloud, this victim of a "Roman Holiday."

[H. F. W., Limsfield.]

Competition No. 177 (New Series):

This week we give a prize of One Guinea for the best imaginary criticism by a deceased author on a book by any living author. Length not to exceed 250 words.

RULES.

Answers, addressed, "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Wednesday, 11 February, 1903. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found on the second page of Wrapper, or it cannot enter into competition. Competitors sending more than one attempt at solution must accompany each attempt with a separate coupon; otherwise the first only will be considered. Contributions to be written on one side of the paper only.

New Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Furse (Ven. C. W.), *The Beauty of Holiness*.....(Murray) net 7/6
 Bruce (Robert), *Apostolic Order and Unity*.....(Clark) net 2/6
 Alexander (S. A.), *The Mind of Christ*.....(Murray) net 4/0

POETRY, CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

- Masters (Edgar Lee), *Maximilian: A Play in Five Acts*....(Badger (U.S.A.)) \$1.50
 Louthan (Hattie Horner), *Thoughts Adrift*.....(") \$1.00
 Wetherald (Ethelwyn), *Tangled in Stars*.....(") \$1.00
 Douglas (Marian), *Days we Remember*.....(") \$1.25
 Lanier (Clifford), *Apollo and Keats*.....(") \$1.50
 Cloud (Virginia Woodward), *A Reed by the River*.....(") \$1.00
 Thomas (Edith M.), *The Dancers*.....(") \$1.50
 Bennett (Arthur), *"Sunrise" Songs*.....("Sunrise" Publishing Co.) 3/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Brandes (George), *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature*. Vol. III.
The Reaction in France (1874).....(Heinemann) net 9/0
 W. R. N., *Penal Servitude*.....(Heinemann) 6/0
Transactions of the Royal Historical Society. Vol. XVI.....(The Society)
 Willard-Archer (B.), *The Question of Re-union with Rome*.....(Sonnenschein) 6/0
 Adam (Mme. Edmond), *The Romance of my Childhood and Youth* (Heinemann)
Archæologia Eliana. Part 49.....(Reid)

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

- Gardner (Ernest Arthur), *Ancient Athens*.....(Macmillan) net 21/0

ART.

- Sacred Art. Part I.....(Cassell) net 0/6

EDUCATIONAL.

- Holmes (D. T.), *The Teaching of Modern Languages in Schools and Colleges*
 (Gardner) 2/0
 Morrison (J. M.), edited by, *Spartanerjünglinge*.....(Blackwood) 1/6
 Sargant (W. L.), *Elementary Lessons in Chemistry*.....(") 1/6
 Wilkinson (Herbert), *Cornelius Nepos*. Vol. II.....(Macmillan) 1/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Bolton (Gambier), *A Book of Beasts and Birds*.....(Newnes) net 5/0
 Evans (L. W.) and Cooper (F. S.), *Notes on the Companies Acts*
 (Ede & Allom) net 6/0
 Pear's *Shilling Cyclopadia*.....(Pear's) 1/0
 Louth (Alice), *Women Workers and South Africa*.....(Kegan Paul) net 1/0
"Country Life". Vol. XII.....(Newnes)

NEW EDITIONS.

- Paget (Stephen), *Experiments on Animals*.....(Murray) 6/0
 Browning (Robert), *Poems—With an Introduction by Alice Meynell*.....(Blackie) 2/6
 Shakespeare's Works: *The Tragedy of Othello*.....(Methuen) 3/6
 Poe (Edgar Allan), *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*.....(Newnes) 3/6
 Gardiner (Samuel Rawson), *History of the Commonwealth and Protectorate 1649-1660*. Vol. I.....(Longmans) net 2/6
 Hardy (Thomas), *The Return of the Native*.....(Macmillan) 3/6
 Smart (Howley), *Play or Pay*.....(Ward Lock) 0/6
 Kerner and Oliver, *The Natural History of Plants*.....(Blackie) 1/6
 Sorel (Albert), *L'Europe et la Revolution Française*.....(Flou-Nourrit) 8 fr.
 Crawford (Frances Marion), *Ave Roma Immortalis*.....(Macmillan) net 8/6
 Hazlitt (William), *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*.....(Macmillan) net 3/6
 Shakespeare (W.), *The Winter's Tale*.....(Jack) net 2/0
 Meade (L. T.) and Eustace (Robert), *The Brotherhood of the Seven Kings*
 (Ward Lock) 0/6

PERIODICALS.

- Blackwood's, Contemporary, Empire Review, Century, St. Nicholas, Antiquary,
 Genealogical, Bibliographer, United Service, Pearson's, Art Journal, Good Words,
 Sunday, Shrine, National Review, Connoisseur, Lippincott's, Geographical
 Journal, New Liberal Review, World's Work, English Illustrated, Home Arts and
 Crafts, Architectural Review.

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

The late F. W. H. Myers's "*Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*," will be published by Messrs. Longmans next week. The work is in two volumes, one containing 700 closely printed pages, the other 600, including a copious index. In the preface, which was unfinished at the time of his death, Myers writes: "A reclusé, perhaps, or an eccentric—or a man living mainly with his intellectual inferiors, may find it easy to work steadily and confidently at a task which he knows the bulk of educated men will ignore or despise. But this is more difficult for a man who feels manifold links with his kind, a man whose desire it is to live among minds equal or superior to his own."

The second volume in the Cambridge Modern History will be published in June. It will deal with the United States. This volume will be the seventh of the History, which is to appear in two sections. Individual volumes of the

sections, which treat respectively of the period before, and the period after the eighteenth century, will be published together.

Mr. John Lane announces a new series to be called "*The Country Handbooks*," a collection of volumes dealing entirely with the country and country life. The first volume, to appear shortly, is written by the editor, Mr. Harry Roberts. "*The Tramp's Handbook*," for the use of travellers, soldiers, cyclists, and lovers of the country, deals with the practical as well as the idyllic side of tramping and camping out. The author gives useful advice on the cooking utensils necessary for a camping-out party, and discourses on the slang of the open road and other matters of interest. Other volumes are in preparation, including "*The Motor Book*," by R. J. Mecredy; "*The Still Room*," by Mrs. Charles Roundell; "*The Bird Book*," by A. J. R. Roberts; "*The Tree Book*," by Mary Rowles Jarvis; "*The Woman out of Doors*," by Menie Muriel Dowie.

A new edition of Mr. Henry Harland's "*Mademoiselle Miss*" will be issued next week by Mr. John Lane. This was the first published work of the author of "*The Cardinal's Snuff-box*." In a short prefatory note Mr. Harland says: "These stories were written a good many years ago by a young pen trying its paces. My admiring publisher is so anxious to reprint them, and coaxed so hard, I really haven't the heart to cross him."

In his "*French Novels of the Nineteenth Century*" series Mr. Grant Richards will publish next week "*The Abbé Aubain and Mosaics*," by Prosper Mérimée, translated by Emily Mary Waller. An introduction is contributed by Mr. Arthur Symonds, in the course of which he says of Mérimée: "Each of his stories is a story, nothing more or less, and in each he does exactly what he sets out to do. . . . It was Mérimée, really, who perfected the short story in France, who left it a model for the writers of every nation."

Mr. Herbert C. Fyfe has in preparation a second edition of his work, "*Submarine Warfare: Past, Present, and Future*," which will be issued shortly by Mr. Grant Richards. Both the British and the United States Admiralties have added this book to the officers' and seamen's libraries of British and American warships.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall have in preparation a new series of books, entitled "*The Woman's Library*," edited by Ethel M. M. McKenna. The idea of the series is to produce bright and attractive volumes which will give women some idea of the various spheres that are open to them. The first two volumes, which will be issued this month, are "*Education and Professions*," and "*Needle-work*."

Mr. Albert Dawson, Inglemead, East Finchley, London, author of "*Joseph Parker, His Life and Ministry*," has been asked to write a complete biography. Mr. Dawson will be glad to have any letters written by Dr. Parker, or information or reminiscences, particularly if relating to his early days, or Banbury and Manchester ministries. All original documents will be carefully returned.

Mr. BERNARD CAPES' NEW NOVEL.

At all Libraries and Booksellers'. Crown 8vo, 6s.

A CASTLE IN SPAIN.By **BERNARD E. J. CAPES**,Author of "The Lake of Wine," "The Adventures of the Comte de la Muette,"
"Joan Brotherhood," &c.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER & Co., 15, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY SERIES.*"An interesting and intellectual set of books."*—*Scotsman*.*Just Published, price 5s. each net.***PROGRESS OF BRITISH EMPIRE IN THE CENTURY.**By **JAMES STANLEY LITTLE**.**PROGRESS OF AUSTRALASIA IN THE CENTURY.**By **T. A. COGHLAN, F.S.S.**, and
THOMAS T. EWING.**WARS OF THE CENTURY AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF MILITARY SCIENCE.**By **PROFESSOR OSCAR BROWNING, M.A.***Volumes already Published.*

Religious Progress in the Century. By **W. H. Withrow, M.A., D.D.**
 Literature of the Century. By **Professor A. B. de Mille, M.A.**
 Progress of South Africa. By **G. McCall Theal**.
 Progress of India, Japan, and China. By **Sir Richard Temple**.
 Progress of Canada in the Century. By **J. Castell Hopkins**.
 Progress of New Zealand. By **R. F. Irvine and O. T. J. Alpers**.
 Economic and Industrial Progress of the Century. By **Henry de Belgens Gibbins, Litt.D., M.A.**
 Continental Rulers in the Century. By **Percy M. Thornton, LL.B., M.P.**

W. & R. CHAMBERS, Ltd., LONDON & EDINBURGH.

The Academy and Literature

Is now *Post Free* to every Annual Subscriber in the United Kingdom prepaying 13/- Foreign Subscribers by a Prepayment of 17/6 will secure it being sent Post Free and regularly to any address throughout the World for a uniform 1d. postage, though the postage payable varies from 1d. minimum to 2d. per copy.
 Orders may be sent through any Bookseller or Newsvendor, or direct to the Publisher, 43, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

**DARLINGTON'S
HANDBOOKS.**Edited by **RALPH DARLINGTON, F.R.G.S.**Maps by **BARTHOLOMEW**.

Fcap. 8vo.

ONE SHILLING EACH.

Illustrated.

THE VALE OF LLANGOLLEN.—With Special Contributions from His Excellency **E. J. PHELPS**, late American Minister; **Professor JOHN RUSKIN, LL.D.**; **ROBERT BROWNING**, **A. W. KINGLAKE**, and **Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B.****BOURNEMOUTH and NEW FOREST.****THE NORFOLK BROADS.****BRECON and its BEACONS.****ROSS, TINTERN, and CHEPSTOW.****BRISTOL, BATH, WELLS, and WESTON-SUPER-MARE.****BRIGHTON, EASTBOURNE, HASTINGS, and ST. LEONARDS.****(LLANDUDNO, RHYL, BANGOR, PENMAENMAWR.)****LLANFAIRFECHAN, ANGLESEY, and CARNARVON.****ABERYSTWYTH, BARMOUTH, MACHYNLETH, and ABERDOVNY.****CONWAY, COLWYN BAY, BETTWS-Y-COED, SNOWDON, and FESTINOG.****BARMOUTH, DOGBELLY, HARLECH, CRICCIETH, and PWLLHILL.****MALVERN, HEREFORD, WORCESTER, GLOUCESTER, and CHELTENHAM.****LLANDRINDOD WELLS and the SPAS of MID-WALES.****NORWICH, LOWESTOFT, YARMOUTH, and the NORFOLK BROADS.****THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.****THE ISLE OF WIGHT.****THE WYE VALLEY.****THE SEVERN VALLEY.****1s.—THE HOTELS of the WORLD.** A Handbook to the leading hotels throughout the world.

"What would not the intelligent tourist in Paris or Rome give for such a guide-book as this, which teaches so much that is outside the usual scope of such volumes?"—*The Times*.
 "It very emphatically tops them all."—*Daily Graphic*.
 "The best Handbook to London ever issued."—*Liverpool Daily Post*.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED, 5s.—60 Illustrations, 24 Maps and Plans.

LONDON AND ENVIRONS.By **E. C. COOK and E. T. COOK, M.A.**

With Index of 4,500 References to all Streets and Places of Interest.

Llangollen: **DARLINGTON & CO.**London: **SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., Ltd.**, The Railway Bookstalls, and all Booksellers.
Paris and New York: **BRENTANO'S**.**MUDIE'S LIBRARY**

(LIMITED).

SUBSCRIPTIONS may be entered at any time—
 FOR LONDON: from ONE GUINEA per annum.
 FOR THE COUNTRY: from TWO GUINEAS per annum.

FOR THE WEEKLY DELIVERY OF BOOKS IN
 LONDON AND SUBURBS: from TWO GUINEAS per annum.

All the Newest and Best Books are placed in circulation on publication. Lists and Terms post free on application.

BOOKSELLING DEPARTMENT.

EARLY SECOND-HAND COPIES of the FIRST EDITIONS of the BEST BOOKS from the Library are offered for SALE at REDUCED PRICES within a few months of Publication. Catalogue free on application. A LARGE STOCK is kept of WORKS by STANDARD and FAVOURITE AUTHORS, in HANDSOME LEATHER BINDINGS. Classified Catalogues free on application.

SCARCE AND OUT OF PRINT Books sought for and reported upon free of charge.

BOOKBINDING DEPARTMENT.

MESSRS. MUDIE undertake BOOKBINDING of all kinds, Plain or Decorative.

Special attention is given to OLD AND VALUABLE BOOKS, and to the REPAIR OF OLD BINDINGS. Estimates given.

30-34, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

BRANCHES:

48, Queen Victoria St., E.C., 241, Brompton Road, S.W.; also at Barton Arcade, Manchester.

NEW BOOKS

AND

NEW EDITIONS.**The Teaching of Jesus Christ in His Own Words.**Compiled by the **EARL OF NORTHBROOK**.
Cloth, gilt top, 1s. 6d.

ROBERT NEEDHAM CUST, LL.D.—"It has the freshness of a beautiful romance; a voice speaking to the soul of each reader, and so simple that the youngest and the least educated can understand it—the very words of the Lord Jesus Christ, our Redeemer."

Athanasii De Incarnatione Verbi Dei.

Athanasius on the Incarnation of the Word of God. An English Translation with an Introduction, Synopsis, and Notes. By **T. HERBERT BINDLEY, M.A., D.D.**, Principal of Cuddington College, Barbados. Second Edition, Revised. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2s.

The argument turns upon the solidarity of mankind—the oneness of the human race and its incorporation in Christ by virtue of the Incarnation. It is distinctly refreshing and helpful, amid the many unsatisfactory theories of the Atonement which are current in the present day, to perceive how thoroughly Scriptural is the line of thought adopted by the great Greek theologian.

The Gates of Life.

Meditations on the Doctrines of Repentance, Forgiveness, Justification, and Sanctification. By **Rev. H. ELVET LEWIS**. Cloth, gilt top, 1s. 6d.

Methodist Times.—"A gracious book."

Baptist.—"A true evangel. The very book to put into the hands of seekers after salvation."
London Quarterly.—"Brightly phrased and full of scripture."

Life of Faith.—"Fresh, spiritual, and practical."
Friend.—"Helpful meditations."

**FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE'S
LATEST POEMS.****The Distant Lights.**

A Little Book of Verses. By **FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE**, Author of "A Cluster of Quiet Thoughts," "Little Tapers," &c. Fcap. 8vo, paper covers, 1s.

Globe.—"A good deal of thought and fancy is embodied in this modest brochure."
Manchester Guardian.—"Apt and graceful."

Times.—"Short poems, enshrining a single thought, which deserve to rank high as religious verse."
Christian.—"Polished gems of religious thought."

Roads from Rome.

A Series of Personal Narratives. Compiled by **Rev. CHARLES S. ISAACSON, M.A.**, Rector of Hardingham, Norfolk. With a Preface by the Right Rev. **HANDLEY C. G. MOULT, D.D.**, Bishop of Durham. Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

Few people understand the extent and character of the leakage from the Church of Rome. We hear much of perverts to the Roman Faith, but very little of those who leave it. The Rev. C. S. Isaacson has in this volume collected the personal testimonies of a large number of converts from Romanism. They include English and Irish Clergy as well as some of the most active of Protestant workers on the Continent.

Record.—"Roads from Rome" is indeed an informing book. It is written, too, in a spirit of Christian courtesy, and should do much to open the eyes of those who are captivated by the illusions of the Roman System."

English Churchman.—"A timely volume—a counterblast to the somewhat boastful advertisement of perverts to Rome issued about a year ago under the auspices of Cardinal Vaughan, entitled 'Roads to Rome.'"

PUBLISHED BY

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,
 56, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

CASSELL & COMPANY'S NEW SERIALS.

PART 1,
Price 7d. net, NOW READY, of

Cassell's Popular Science

CONTAINS:—

HOW THE CAMERA WORKS. By T. C. HEPWORTH. With 16 Illustrations from Photographs by the Author.

THE BIRTH AND UPBRINGING OF AN OYSTER. By WILFRED MARK WEBB, F.L.S. With 21 Illustrations showing its structure and development.

COLOUR PRINTING. By EDWIN BALE, R.I. With 12 Illustrations.

THE WIZARD ELECTRICITY. By FRANK C. WEEDON. With 12 Illustrations.

METEORS. With 10 Illustrations.

CASSELL & Co., Ltd., London;
and all Booksellers.

PART 1 READY FEBRUARY 25th,
Price 6d. net, of

A New and Enlarged Edition

OF

Cassell's Family Lawyer.

This Issue will include an Additional Volume mainly devoted to Law in relation to Trade and Commerce.

A Card of concise information, entitled "Legal Flash-Lights," which will be found valuable for everyday use, will be presented with Part 1.

"The examples given are clearly and convincingly put, easily comprehended by the lay mind, and exhaustive enough to cover all ordinary cases. The chapters devoted to commercial law especially are excellent."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

CASSELL & Co., Ltd., London;
and all Booksellers.

MACMILLAN & Co.'s NEW BOOKS.

UNKNOWN MEXICO.

A Record of Five Years' Exploration among the Tribes of the Western Sierra Madre; in the Tierra Caliente of Tepic and Jalisco; and among the Tarascos of Michoacan. By CARL LUMBOLTA, M.A. With numerous illustrations. In 2 vols. 8vo, 50s. net.

EVERSLEY SERIES.—New Volumes.

Life and Letters of
THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY.

By LEONARD HUXLEY. With Portraits. 2 vols. Globe 8vo, 12s. net.

New Volume of

The Library of English Classics.
**CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEAR'S
PLAYS, AND LECTURES ON THE
ENGLISH POETS.** By WILLIAM HAZLITT.
8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

LONDON BEFORE THE CONQUEST.
By W. R. LETHBRIDGE. Illustrated. Extra crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

Globe.—"For the student of the antiquities of London Mr. Lethbridge's book furnishes matter of much interest. It raises again all the old disputed problems, and suggests solutions which will be carefully canvassed by enthusiasts. The average reader will find in it much curious information."

NEW WORK BY

Professor ERNEST A. GARDNER.

ANCIENT ATHENS. By ERNEST ARTHUR GARDNER. Profusely illustrated. 8vo, 21s. net.

Daily News.—"The reader will find set out with admirable clearness all that is known as to the early history of those architectural wonders which have formed the well-spring of the art in the Western World. . . . To students the work must be invaluable."

SECOND AND CHEAPER EDITION.

AVE ROMA IMMORTALIS.

Studies from the Chronicles of Rome. By FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD. With Map and Illustrations. Extra crown 8vo, 8s. 6d. net.

The World.—"A very original and delightful book on Rome. . . . It is not a guide-book or a history, but such a combination of the two as only a powerful writer and a man richly endowed with the historic imagination could have produced. . . . There could be no more fascinating companion for a visit to Rome."

OXFORD EDITION.

PLUTARCH'S LIVES. The Translation called Dryden's Corrected from the Greek and Revised by A. H. CLOUGH. In 5 vols. 8vo, 30s. net.

A History of the
PROBLEMS OF PHILOSOPHY.

By PAUL JANET and GABRIEL SÉAILLES. Translated by ADA MONAHAN. Edited by Prof. HENRY JONES, LL.D. Vol. I, PSYCHOLOGY. Vol. II, ETHICS, METAPHYSICS, and THEODICY. 8vo, 10s. net each volume.

British Weekly.—"A most interesting and a really valuable aid to the student of philosophy."

HYMNS AND PSALMS. By HORACE SMITH. Author of "Poems" and "Interludes." First, Second, and Third Series. Extra crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

POPULAR UNIFORM EDITION OF THE
WORKS OF THOMAS HARDY.

In Fortnightly Volumes, with a Map of Wessex in each. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. each.

THE WOODLANDERS.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

A PAIR OF BLUE EYES.

TWO ON A TOWER.

THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.

MACMILLAN & Co., Limited, London.

Chatto & Windus's New Novels, &c.

On FEB. 19th. Crown 8vo, cloth, 6s.
THE POWER OF THE PALMIST.
By VIOLET GUTTENBERG, Author of "Neither Jew nor Greek."

M. ZOLA'S LAST NOVEL.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
TRUTH (VÉRITÉ). By ÉMILE ZOLA.
Translated, with an Introduction, by ERNEST A. VIZETELLY. With a Portrait of the Author.

A NOVEL TO BE READ.
Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6s.
THE MAGIC OF TO-MORROW:
BEING THE STRANGE TRUE STORY OF ONE WHO CLAIMED FORE-KNOWLEDGE OF THE DAY THAT NEVER COMES. By CYRIL SEYMOUR.

SOCIAL ESSAYS BY THE AUTHOR OF
"ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN."
Crown 8vo, buckram, gilt top, 6s.
AS WE ARE AND AS WE MAY
BE. By Sir WALTER BESANT, Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men."

Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
THE MAN WHO LOST HIS
PAST. By FRANK RICHARDSON, Author of "The King's Counsel." With 50 Illustrations by TOM BROWNE, R.I.

ARNOLD BENNETT'S NEW NOVEL.
Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
THE GATES OF WRATH. By ARNOLD BENNETT, Author of "The Grand Babylon Hotel."

POPULAR SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

ROSEBURY. By L. T. MEADE, Author of "The Diary of a Doctor."
"The story, though sensational, is told with artistic restraint, and the plot is dexterously woven. Several of the characters are convincingly drawn."—*Outlook*.
"One can always count on a readable tale from Mrs. Meade, and 'Rosebury' is one which well maintains her reputation."—*Scotsman*.

THE TIDEWAY. By AUSTIN CLARE, Author of "For the Love of a Lass," &c.
"A workmanlike and clever novel. . . . Sure to interest anyone who takes it up."—*Scotsman*.

IN CLARISSA'S DAY. By SARAH TYTLER, Author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline," &c.
"There is a delightful old-world flavour about it which is very captivating."—*Birmingham Post*.

THE WOMAN OF MYSTERY. By GEORGES OHNET, Author of "The Ironmaster." Translated by F. ROTHWELL, B.A.
"A powerful piece of realistic fiction."—*Scotsman*.
"A story which, in point of sensational excitement, leaves nothing to be desired."—*Glasgow Herald*.
"One of Georges Ohnet's best novels. Exciting from beginning to close."—*Literary World*.

THE WILFUL WAY. By HERBERT COMPTON, Author of "The Inimitable Mrs. Mammington."
"It is seldom that one finds a plot of such daring ingenuity. . . . Mr. Compton has a very keen sense of humour."—*Daily Chronicle*.
"An amusing and exciting imbroglio. . . . Quite absorbing in its way."—*Daily Mail*.

THE ST. MARTIN'S LIBRARY. New Volumes.

Pott 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 2s. net each; leather, gilt edges, 3s. net each.

The Woman in White. By WILKIE COLLINS.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men.

By Sir WALTER BESANT.

Walton and Cotton's Complete Angler. (Sir Harris Nicolas's Edition.)

Sketches. By MARK TWAIN.

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE ONE SHILLING MONTHLY.

Contents for February: CRABBED AGE and YOUTH. By Katharine Sylvester.—SCIENCE follows NATURE. By Alex. H. Japp, LL.D.—HISTORY in our VILLAGE SCHOOLS. By Rev. A. E. T. Newman, M.A.—VIS-COUNTRESS BEACONSFIELD. By J. Henry Harris.—THE FORS OF BEARN. By A. R. Whiteway, M.A.—GOETHE'S ART OF LYING. By H. Schütz Wiison.—THE DEMON STAR. By Ebenezer Burgess.—THE SARACENS in SICILY. By A. Francis Stewart.—BELL: a CHORUS GIRL. By E. M. Rutherford.—THE "ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA." By Sylvanus Urban.

London: CHATTO & WINDUS, 111, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.